The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1584 MAY 31, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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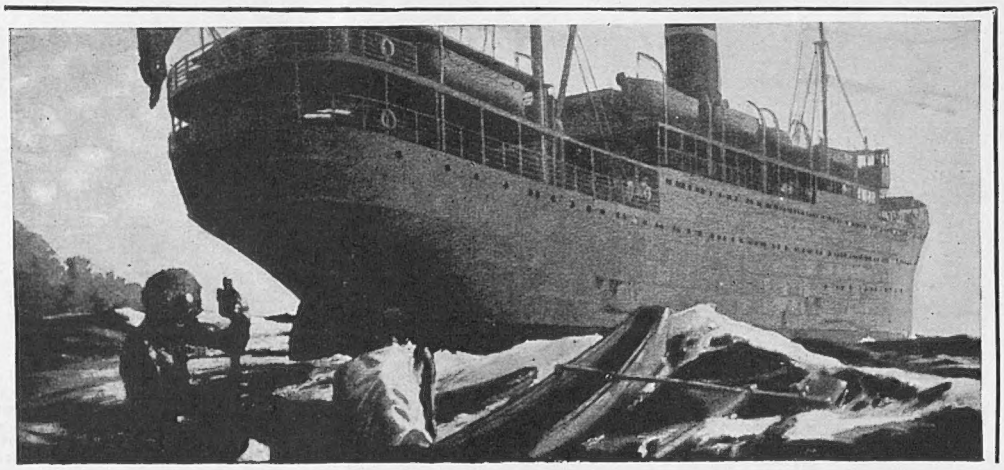

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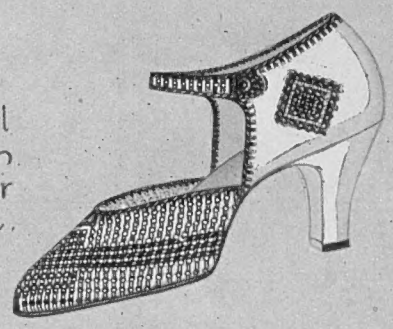

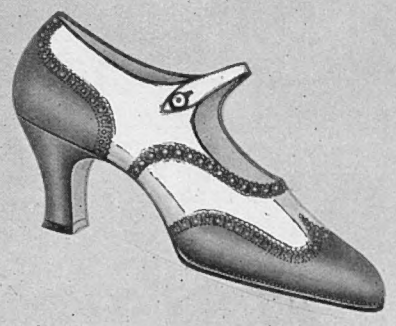

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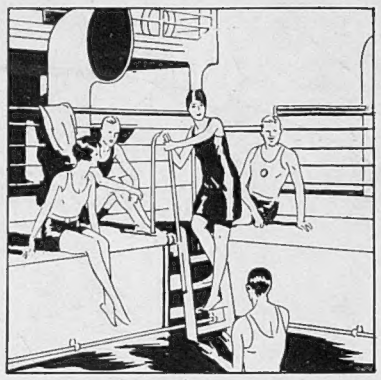

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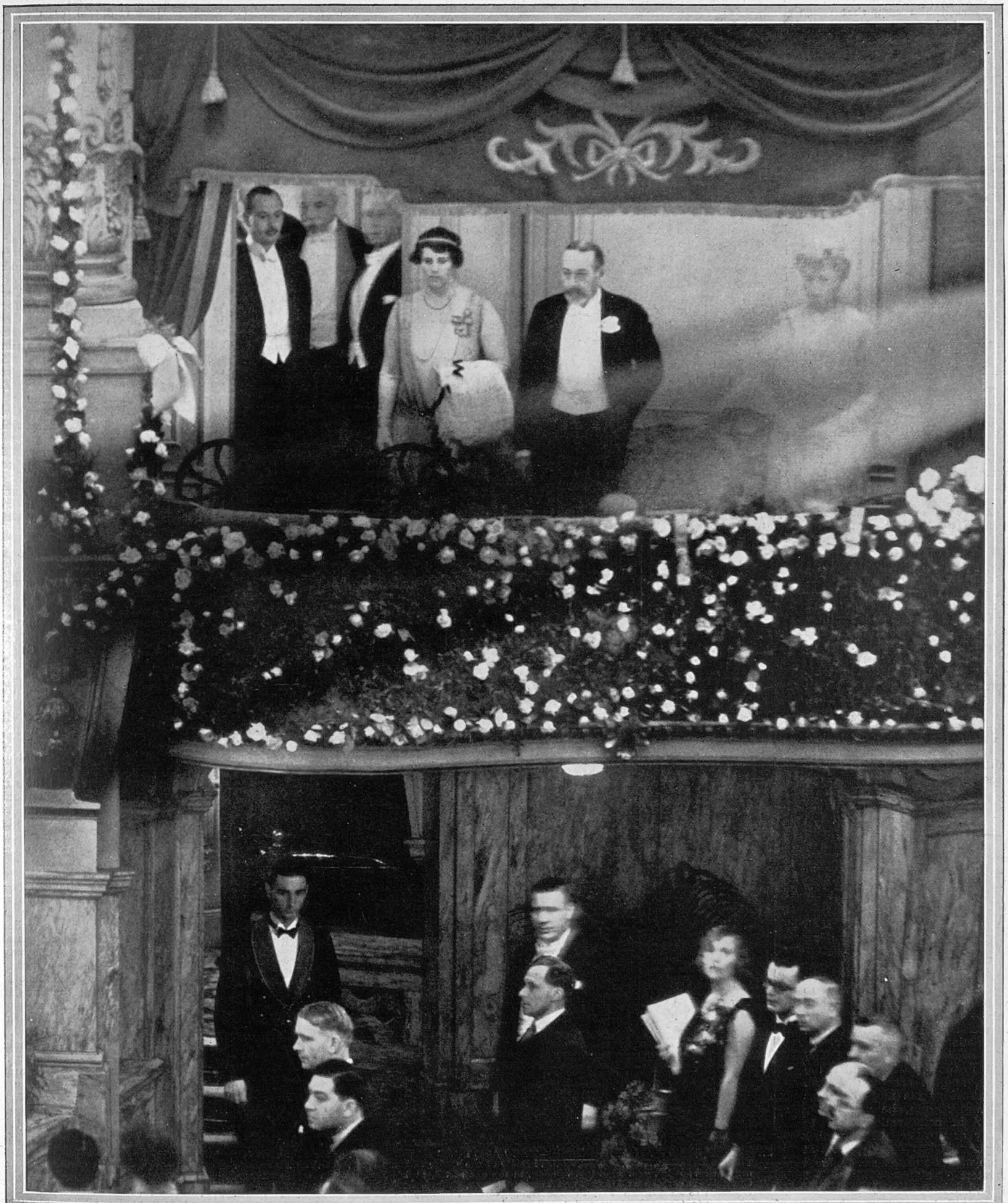


THE KING AND QUEEN at the Command VARIETY PERFORMANCE at the Palladium

The King and Queen with the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Elizabeth Motion are seen above during the singing, led by Mr. Tom Burke and the entire company, of the National Anthem, at the conclusion of the Command Variety Performance at the Palladium on May 23. The Royal party included Sir Charles Cust, Sir Derek Keppel, and Sir Harry Stonor. Both the King and Queen were frequently convulsed with laughter at many of the turns which are reviewed by Mr. Henry Sherek on p. 454 of this issue. The performance realized £3,200 for the Variety Artists' Benefit Fund.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER.

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, May 28, 1930.

Sir Oswald Mosley.—There is something about Sir Oswald Mosley—his facile, triumphant smile and exuberant hair and clothes—which makes him in most men's eyes a Dr. Fell. Largely it is these uncompromising banners (or red rags) which continually rouse our antagonism and make us one and all accuse him of a personal ambition which overrides allegiance and principles. *The Times* is particularly harsh about him. I think we are a trifle unjust to him, and this last gesture of his seems to prove it. He deserted the class to which he belonged by birth—and indeed he had no good reason to be grateful to that class, which in youth used him somewhat roughly. He deserted it politically either for principle or interest, and I believe for principle. He joined the Labour Party, fought like a tiger and fought successfully, and found himself while still young holding the high office of Chancellor of the Duchy. And now he once more severs connection with stability and authority and joins a remnant of extremists and visionaries who, he must be perfectly aware, will regard him with suspicion (as a masquerading aristocrat) or contempt (as a gambler who has played for personal ambition and lost). In my poor view Sir Oswald has proved himself something nobler than contemporary opinion gives him credit for. I think he has far more honest political principles than is commonly supposed and infinitely less political sense and shrewdness. He will be the last man of his generation to discover the now obvious truth that no amount of scheming and no limitless expenditure can find a cure for unemployment in the lifetime of this Government or the next, or indeed in our time.

A Victim of Society.—Sir William Gordon Cumming's life story is a stern proof of the pessimists' belief that man is more cruel than the beasts which perish. Sir Edward Clarke, who defended him in the Tranby Croft slander case, placed on record a personal belief in his innocence of the charge. But guilt or innocence is beside the point. Sir William for forty years was racked by Society's torturers. The "select circle" which surrounded King Edward—then Prince of Wales—swore themselves to secrecy, and immediately the secret was let out by one or more of them. And that select circle was not particularly saintly. Since that date not 10 per cent. of the lamentable brotherhood who have sold for thirty pieces of silver their faked reminiscences of "High Society in the Victorian Age" have resisted the temptation of trotting out the Tranby Croft case, well knowing that the old man they placed upon the rack was living on at Altyre. And in his own neighbourhood decade after decade the unco' guid looked down their noses and continued to weigh the pros and cons of policy on the vexed question of visiting the old man. He had his compensations. The faith of his wife, who married him in the face of the verdict, the affection of his children, and eternally the beauty of the birch-clad banks of the ever-lovely Findhorn—

"Vex not his soul. They hate him
That would upon the rack of this
rough world
Stretch him out further."

To the rising generation such cruelty and such narrowness of mind would be unthinkable.

Archbishop Davidson.—Archbishop Davidson endeared himself to all who came in contact with him by his kindliness and simplicity. There was no nonsense about him, no distinction of cloth or creed, position or intellect. He talked naturally to the illustrious and to the humblest, and in exactly the same tone. Provided his neighbour was natural and sincere, he would give his best in conversation alike to schoolboy or premier. I remember with pleasure two dinner-parties at Lambeth when he took a genuine and kindly interest in his least-distinguished guest, and I remember the tones of his charming voice when he read prayers in the chapel at the end of the evening. He made his mark in politics and Church history by his moderation, restraint, and rugged British commonsense, far more than by his intellect. He was the best sort of Scotsman, a plain, sincere, sensible, kindhearted man who created no barrier round himself from the circumstance of his office or calling. He was deeply versed in the Lambeth tradition. For he was chaplain to Archbishop Tait, wrote his life, and married his daughter, and was afterwards chaplain to Archbishop Benson. Lady Davidson has proved herself the perfect wife for an Archbishop of Canterbury.

Grace Darling's Breed.—Ten thousand miles all alone above the clouds, the sea, the unknown; steering by hastily-snatched glimpses of a half-unrolled chart; strung up to the highest pitch of self-control of which the human mind is capable, for three long weeks; always expecting and often meeting disaster and danger; coming down upon doubtful landing-grounds; always among strangers, often among half-savage tribes. To become *the* news item of the world and the idol of two continents. These are fine doings for a young country girl of twenty-seven with no great experience of flying, backed by no authority, inspired by no peculiar traditions of heroism. Amy Johnson might be excused if she lost her head or mislaid her sense of proportion at this juncture. But these female heroes very rarely do this. Flora MacDonald, Grace Darling, and the rest. Their heads were screwed on the right way.

The Union of South Africa.—The Union of South Africa, one of our most prized Dominions, is twenty years old on May 31. The victory of Lord Roberts, sealed in 1902, gained something better than the annexation of the Transvaal and the Free State. It was the death knell of bombastic Imperialism. The new South Africa entered the Imperial comity of nations as a candidate for self-government and earned it four years later. In 1910 came the Union. Since that date two of the principal generals who withstood the British arms have proved themselves the loyalists sons of the Empire and among the wisest statesmen and workers for Imperial unity and world-peace which our age has produced. Indeed, in its short history South Africa has proved not only a material but an immensely important moral support of the Empire. General Smuts has done most to this end, Lord Milner and his "kindergarten" much. It is a notable anniversary, not less so because at this very moment the question of the right to secede from the Empire is driving deeper the wedge in Union politics.

Diseuses.—Miss Ruth Draper, that serious-minded little artist whom everybody admires in her public capacity and in private life a smaller and lucky class who enjoy her acquaintance, is back in England after too long an absence, and opens at the Vaudeville on June 9. Let us not continually press her for the old favourites—the Italian Lesson, Showing the garden, the visit to the Louvre, the Lady-faddist's Luncheon-party. Miss Draper doubtless brings a number of new gems, and we prefer to study her progress. But if we must press for old favourites, let us encourage her to give us tragedy, not comedy. In my opinion her genius is greatest in poignant themes. And thus a brilliant opportunity will be given us to judge her beside her rival, Yvette Guilbert, who opens at the Arts Theatre on June 11. It will be an extraordinarily interesting comparison, this ladies' battle in the middle of the London Season.

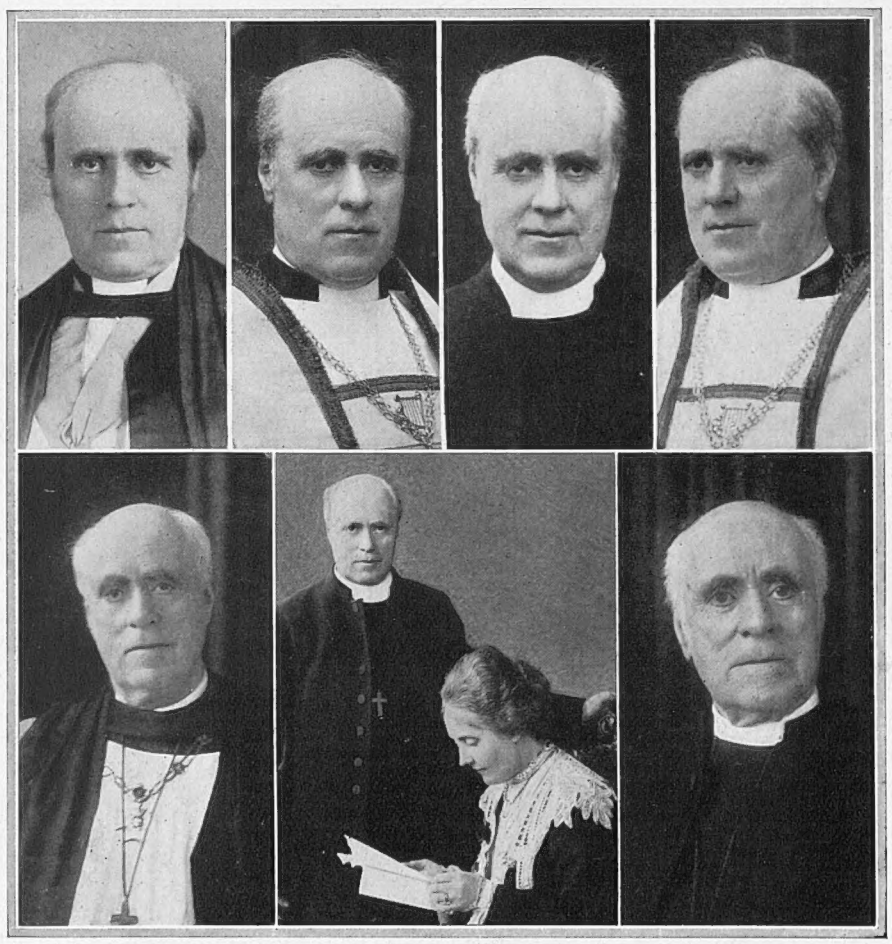
A Gladsome Thing.—Nothing can deter the flower-lover to-day. Not frost, nor hail, nor rain, nor hope deferred. The nation has suddenly become garden mad. Ten years ago flower shows and garden shows were for the few. The seeds sown by Miss Jekyll and Mrs. Earle were long germinating. Ten years ago the general public did not know the names of the twenty commonest garden flowers. They could recognize the rose, the tulip, the forget-me-not, heliotrope, and geranium. Nowadays we know a hundred at least, and have a hundred theories on the best exploitation of each. It is our protest against the mechanization and urbanization of our island. It is our reaction against ugliness and noise and crowds. Hence the ever-increasing popularity of Flower Shows. Oh! those rock gardens and sunk gardens at Chelsea. How I love them! How I glory in their ephemeral permanence, their artificial antiquity. Not a little pipe of "Company's water," but distillation from the living rock (that was when man was not) fill their fountains and pools. The Chelsea Flower Show is just a dream from which we wake to-morrow. But so is life. We are butterflies, ephemeral insects, and it is rather hard that our one day of summer should necessitate hot-water bottles, coal fires, fur coats, and goloshes. But nonetheless by 9.15 a.m. on the first day of the Show there was a mile-long queue jostling to get in.

The Archbishop's Courage.—In the very teeth of Miss Amy Johnson, Dr. Temple threw a stone at modern youth. "It was," he said, "characteristic of the young people of to-day that they were not conspicuously adventurous. They had sympathy with adventure so long as it was taken by somebody else. I fear the Archbishop (who is himself an adventurous youth) has had no time to drop in of late at Brooklands, or Heston, or the dirt tracks. Nor, I think, can Dr. Temple shuffle out of the responsibility for his wild words by arguing that he referred to spiritual or mental adventure. We should only reply that he has had no time to read *Good-bye to All That*, and all the war-books, and all the bright young novels by the bright young things. There are enough adventurers among our golden youth to fill a 20,000-ton *Golden Hind*, adventurers physical, spiritual, moral, and material. We have Mr. Boothby, and Amy Johnson, and Noel Coward (who belies his name), and I daresay you will think of others who prefer acting to applauding. And not long ago there was a war in which several young people did quite well in the adventurer's rôle.

The Rigour of the Game.—At Southampton last Thursday night Hampshire finished off, after an extension of time, needing 1 run for victory over Notts, the champions. A fine performance by Hampshire. But a finer performance followed. Stumps were drawn for the day. Cricket is an uncertain game. It might be that on the morrow the champions, after a good night's rest, would dismiss the five remaining Hants batsmen without "troubling the scorer." Such things have happened. My own private school XI was dismissed by Mortimer for 1 run in the '90's. That is the rigour of the game. You must draw the line somewhere, and the stumps some time. But Southampton couldn't see it in that light, and the inquest on the bodies of the twenty-two players and the two umpires was adjourned for further inquiries into the mental condition of all concerned.

The Military Tournament.—Let us say rather the Royal Tournament—for the word military has a nasty, old-world, warlike ring, while the adjective royal is as appropriate and popular as ever it was. Anyway the tournament is once more raising the dust of Olympia with all its old zest and appeal. And that means £25,000 for Service charities, as sure as fate. There is nothing new. That would be a fatal error of judgment. Still, as of old, the chosen battery R.H.A. achieves its jingling miracle of accuracy, still we gasp as hub misses hub by an inch. Still the trick-riders stand on their heads and the funny man gets his place in the limelight, still we discover the poetry and rhythm of physical jerks, still the pipers prove that Caledonia, stern and wild and careful of saxpences, is the home of romance and sentiment, and still the problem of how to shift an immovable mass across an unbridgeable gulf is solved in record time. And the costume piece is not unlike other costume pieces. Lord Ponsonby ought to attend the show. He would learn how disarmingly pacific a display of arms can be, and how the sabre can be rattled as harmoniously as a peal of church bells.

THE OLD STAGER.



SEVEN PHASES OF AN ARCHBISHOP—THE LATE LORD DAVIDSON: The Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Prelate of the Order of the Garter, G.C.V.O., was born on April 7, 1848, and died last Sunday, at the age of 82, at his residence in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford, Lord Davidson was Secretary and Chaplain to Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, whose daughter he married in 1878. The Sub-Almoner to Queen Victoria and the Dean of Windsor, he was Clerk of the Closet both to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. He held the See of Rochester from 1891-95, and that of Winchester from 1895-1903. He is especially notable in history as the only Primate who has retired from office, a proceeding occasioned largely by the defeat in the Commons by the Evangelicals of the New Prayer Book, to which he had devoted much of his energy and more of his hopes. The end came quietly. Lady Davidson pinned, after his death, on the door of the house in Cheyne Walk, a message in the following terms.

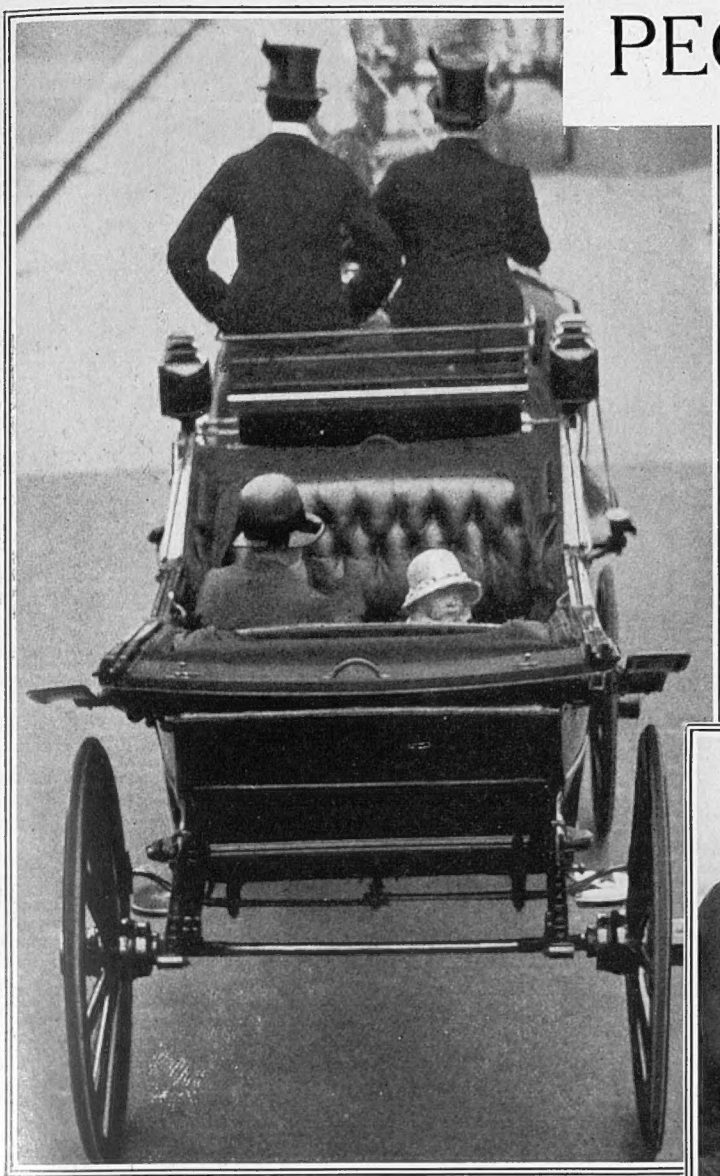
"Archbishop Davidson entered into the larger life this morning (Rogation Sunday) at 1.15 a.m. Thanks be to God for his life here and there.
May 25, 1930."

The burial will take place at Canterbury.

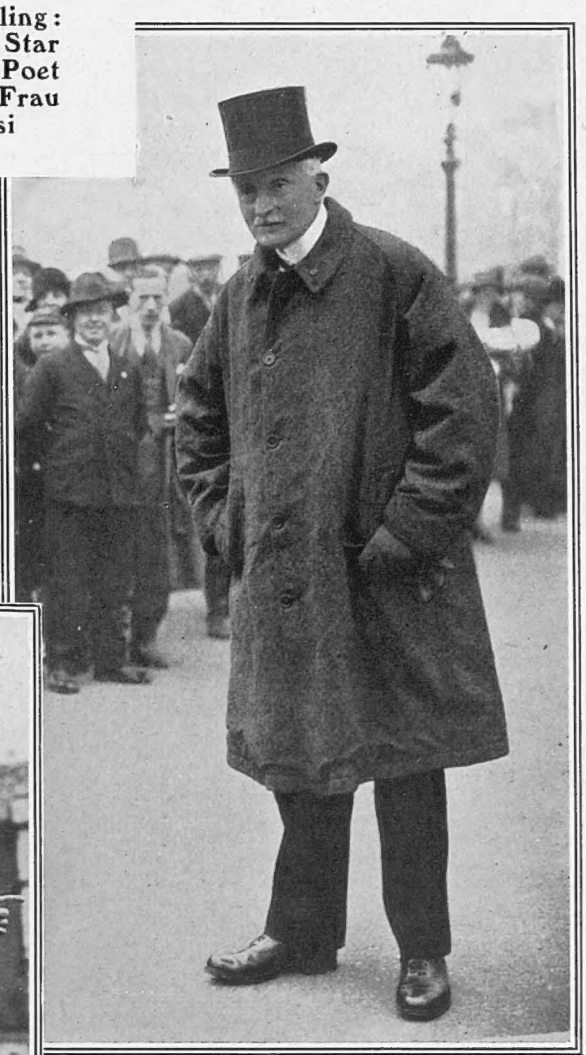
PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

The Empire's Darling: America's Gold Star Mothers: The Poet Laureate: Herr and Frau Alexander Moissi

Below—A FAMOUS ACTOR COMES FROM ITALY: Herr Alexander Moisai, the distinguished Italo-German actor, with Frau Moisai, looks at London from the roof of their hotel. He and his company opened at the Globe in "The Living Corpse" on Monday—the première of the C. B. Cochran-Maurice Browne international season



A BUS-TOP ASPECT OF ROYALTY: The Princess Elizabeth takes a drive in the Park every afternoon, and Londoners and visitors to London as they go down Park Lane may get a glimpse of the Empire's darling from the omnibus roofs

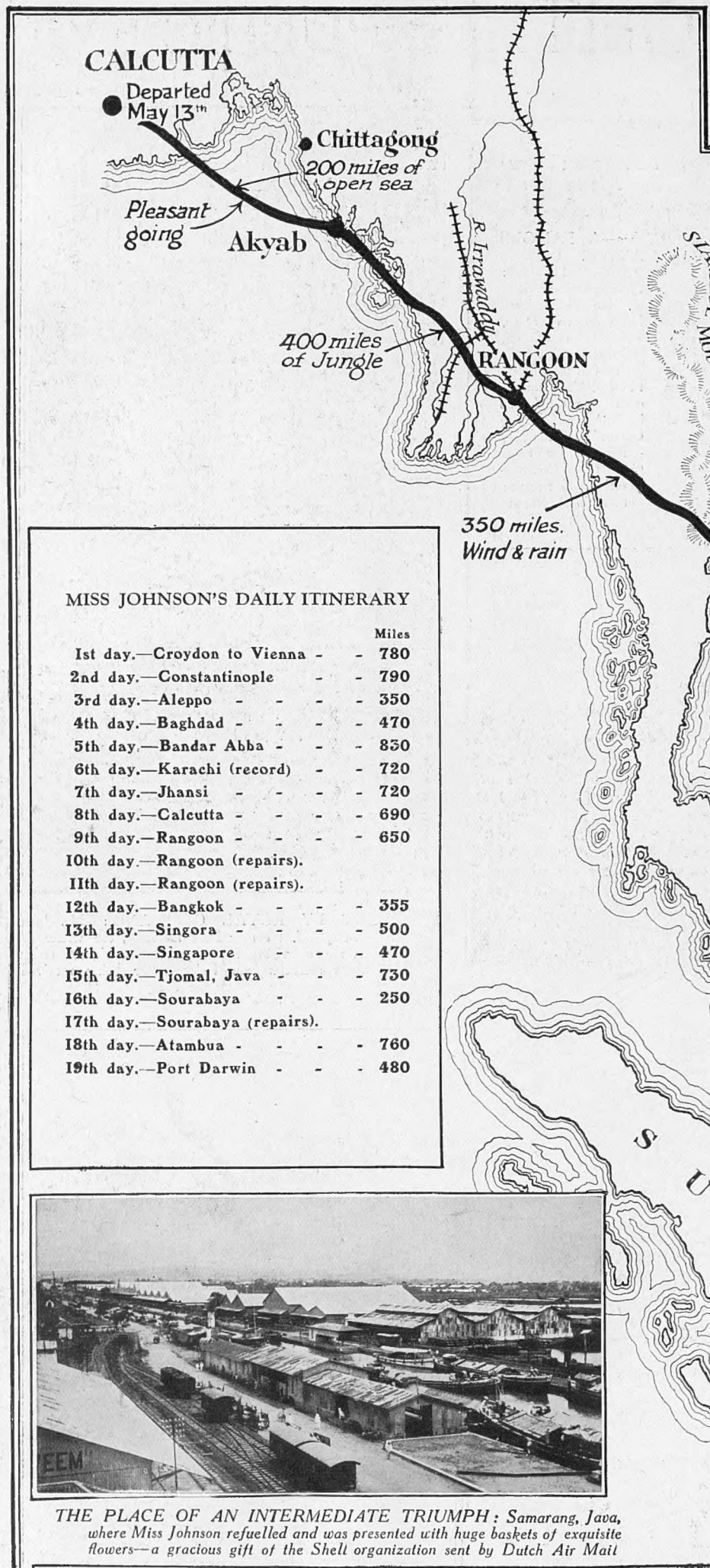


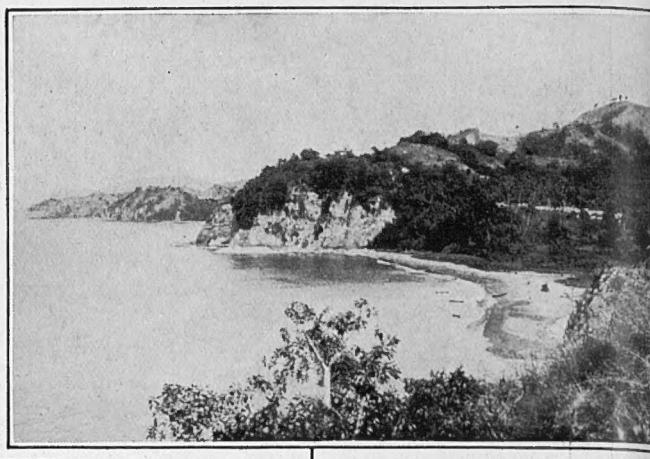
POET BY ROYAL COMMAND: Mr. John Masefield, the new Poet Laureate, the writer of verse of vigorous beauty of the highest order leaves Buckingham Palace after being received by the King

THE TRIBUTE OF AMERICA'S "GOLD STAR" MOTHERS: Members of the Veterans' Association of the 27th Division of the American Expeditionary Force, who are holding their annual reunion this year in London, arrived at Southampton recently on the S.S. "Republic," accompanied by 156 "Gold Star Mothers of the United States of America," whose sons or husbands were killed whilst serving in the division, and who were buried in British cemeteries. They are attending several functions during their stay in England. The wreath is given jointly by the 27th Division and the Gold Star Mothers

AMY JOHNSON

The Most Perilous Section of Miss John





FLORES—NOT IN THE AZOR
A coastal scene on Endeh, the e
end of Flores in the Sunda Isl

THE PLACE
"NO NEW
Haliloelik, a
tainous village
Atambua, by
Dutch - Port
frontier on the
of Timor, where
Johnson landed.
was driven to At
to send ne
her safety
anxious

MISS JOHNSON'S DAILY ITINERARY

	Miles
1st day.—Croydon to Vienna	780
2nd day.—Constantinople	790
3rd day.—Aleppo	350
4th day.—Baghdad	470
5th day.—Bandar Abba	830
6th day.—Karachi (record)	720
7th day.—Jhansi	720
8th day.—Calcutta	690
9th day.—Rangoon	650
10th day.—Rangoon (repairs).	
11th day.—Rangoon (repairs).	
12th day.—Bangkok	355
13th day.—Singora	500
14th day.—Singapore	470
15th day.—Tjomal, Java	730
16th day.—Sourabaya	250
17th day.—Sourabaya (repairs).	
18th day.—Atambua	760
19th day.—Port Darwin	480

THE PLACE OF AN INTERMEDIATE TRIUMPH: Samarang, Java, where Miss Johnson refuelled and was presented with huge baskets of exquisite flowers—a gracious gift of the Shell organization sent by Dutch Air Mail

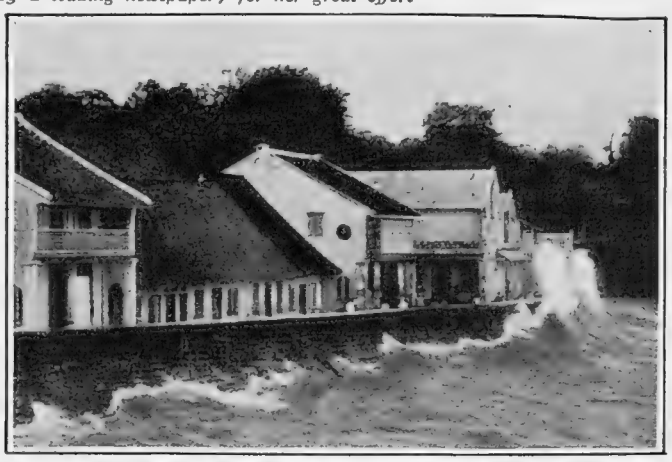
Although between Aleppo and Bagdad Miss Amy Johnson met with a great sandstorm which compelled her to land until it subsided, it was not until after she left Calcutta that the Fates began to put into execution their plot to defeat her hope of beating Mr. Hinkler's flight to Australia. Arriving at Calcutta on May 12, Miss Johnson left the next morning for Rangoon. It was one of the most perilous hops of the journey, for it included the crossing of 200 miles of open sea and 400 miles of dense jungle. The start was made in foggy weather, but as far as Akyab the going was pleasant. Then Miss Johnson met terrible weather—heavy rains and strong head-winds—which impeded her progress terribly. She crossed the Yumas Range at an altitude of 12,000 ft. and followed the coast-line-using the railway as a landmark until she reached Insein, where she mistook the plain fields for the Rangoon race-course. Realizing that the place was too small for her to land successfully, she continued her flight to the south, but unable to find Rangoon, and seeing no suitable landing-place, she returned to Insein, and landed in a field. Unfortunately the 'plane ran into a ditch, damaging the wings, wheels, and propeller.

The next day the necessary repairs were made to the wings and fuselage, and the day after the 'plane was towed to the Rangoon race-course for the necessary test flights. On the morning of Friday, 16th, Miss Johnson left Rangoon, and arrived that evening in Bangkok. Although the distance is only 350 miles it took her seven hours to accomplish. During that time she battled against wind and rain, through which she rose to a height of 9,000 ft. as she had to cross the Siamese mountains. In that attempt she flew for three hours unable to pick up any landmark. Eventually, she tried to find Moulmein which was still invisible through the bad atmospheric conditions, but flying blindly she had the luck eventually to come out on the Siamese side of the mountains. She left Bangkok early in the morning of the 17th. The distance from Bangkok to Singora is 500 miles, and half of it was flown through a storm of solid wind and rain, and the journey occupied 8½ hours instead of the six for which calculations had been made.

GREAT SOLO FLIGHT

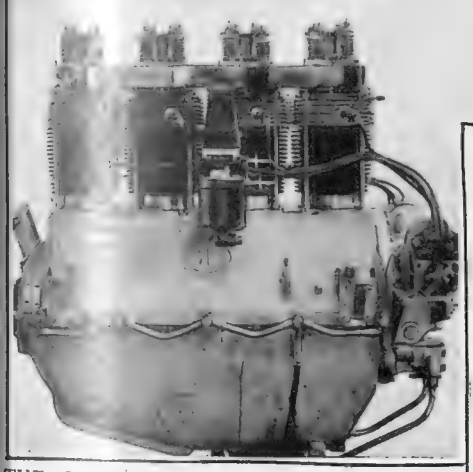
Journey Specially Mapped and Chronicled for "The Sphere"

THE "PLANE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE" OF GLORY: "Johnny's" second-hand Gipsy Moth, "Jason," in which she made her great flight, refuels at Karachi. Miss Johnson also won a "golden fleece" of £10,000 (given by a leading newspaper) for her great effort



THE LAST STOP BEFORE AUSTRALIA: Atambua in North-west Dutch Timor, the Commandant of which motored to Haliloelik, when he heard "Jason's" engine cut out to make a landing forced by darkness at the mountainous village

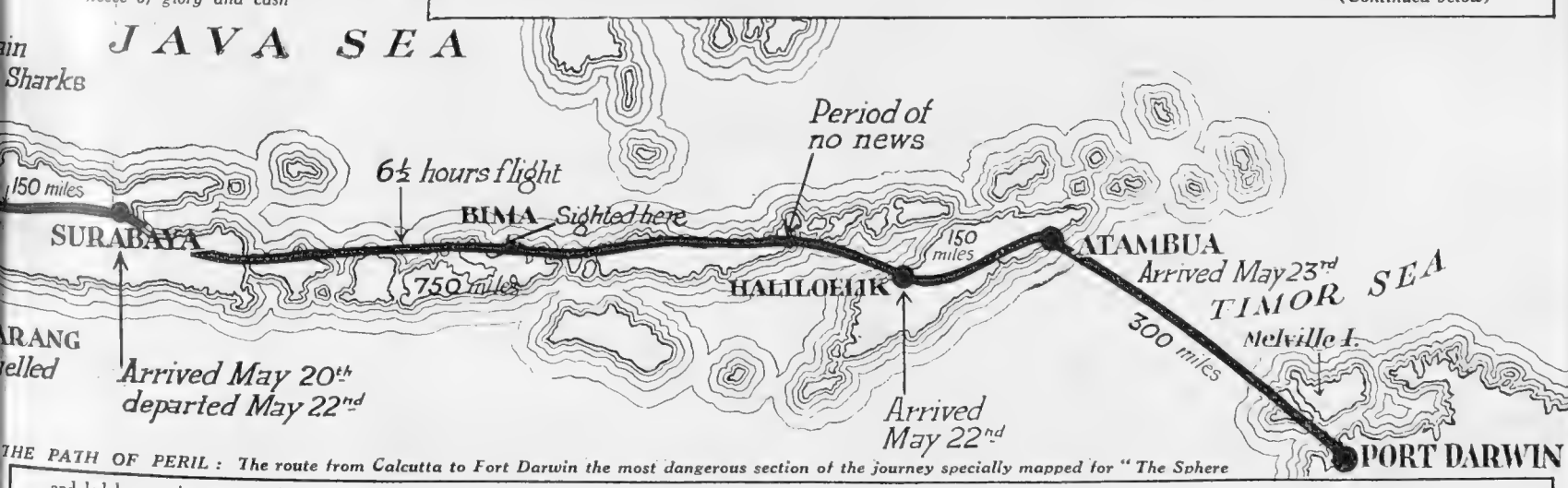
"JOHNNY": Miss Amy Johnson, the English girl of Danish extraction, who has done for woman what Lindbergh and Hinkler did for man



THE POWER UNIT: The Gipsy engine of the Moth 'plane, "Jason," which won Miss Johnson (who now signs herself "Johnny") a golden fleece of glory and cash

Leaving Singora at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, May 18, for Singapore, Miss Johnson flew below 1,000 ft. all the time, the weather getting hotter and hotter as she proceeded, and the jungle worrying her because of the dangers should a forced landing be necessary. On the morning of the 19th she started for Surabaya. This part of the flight from Singapore was perhaps the most perilous of the whole journey. The rainstorm was so great that while attempting to cross the Java Sea it was almost impossible to distinguish between sea and rain, and the 'plane flew so low that it was only a few feet above the waves. As it was, finding it impossible to escape the storm, she flew in small circles watching a wonderful atmospheric effect, for a double rainbow was all around her with the sun shining in the middle of it. A leak caused the petrol to finish sooner than was expected, with the result that she had to land in a sugar plantation at Tjomal, near Pekalongan, on the north coast near the middle of Java, 240 miles from Surabaya. In alighting, the wings of her 'plane were torn in five places by bamboo sticks, and the necessary repairs could only be effected with sticking-plaster. On Tuesday, 20th, she arrived at Surabaya, after having halted for a short time at Samarang, where she got a proper supply of real fuel. The next day she spent in repairing the 'plane. Early on Thursday, 22nd, she left Surabaya, in whose sky a rainbow, which she took as a good omen, was visible. At 11.30 a.m. she passed over Bima and then hours went by without any news being heard of her and those who had followed her on her wonderful journey began to hold their breath. Happily, however, all forebodings were dissipated when the news came that she had been compelled to land that evening near the village of Haliloelik, in the island of Timor. Haliloelik is an isolated spot inhabited only by black men. When Miss Johnson alighted, to her dismay dozens of black men rushed from the bush towards her—yelling and brandishing weapons. It was a moment to make the bravest heart chill with fear, but suddenly the leader saluted her, approached her smiling,

(Continued below)



THE PATH OF PERIL: The route from Calcutta to Fort Darwin the most dangerous section of the journey specially mapped for "The Sphere"

and led her to the pastor, who gave her food, and was showing her to bed in church when a motor-car sent by the people of Atambua, who had heard the noise of the aeroplane, drove up and she was taken to that town, whence news of her safety was sent out. Next day, as all the world knows, she flew magnificently to Port Darwin.

The FIRST WOMAN'S Solo FLIGHT to AUSTRALIA

An expert's commentary on Miss Amy Johnson's epoch-making flight to Australia

By C. G. GREY

(*Editor of "The Aeroplane"*)

THE HEROINE: Miss Amy Johnson, the heroine of Hull (and now of the whole world) who flew 9,500 miles in twenty-eight days, eighteen of which were spent in the air. Her 'plane was a second-hand Moth

THE PATRON: Lord Wakefield, who financed Miss Johnson's flight from England to Australia

Really this performance of Miss May Johnson's, or Jorgensen's, puts us mere male persons who write about flying in a very awkward dilemma. If we hail it as the greatest flight ever made by a woman we draw upon ourselves the wrath of those advanced feminists who claim that women can do everything that a man can do, and more also, and argue that a woman's performance should be judged on its merits as a performance irrespective of the performer's sex. (You know the kind of woman who claims all a man's rights and wants a woman's privileges as well.) And if we adopt their line of thought, we are forced to say bluntly that though it is a very fine flight it is *not* the finest flight ever made to Australia, and then we draw upon ourselves the wrath of all those more rational feminists who insist that woman shall have her place in the sun, but are content to admit that when a man's job is to be done the best woman does it superlatively well if she does it about 75 per cent. as well as a man does it.

Personally, being old-fashioned and having a liking for chivalrous ideas, I am glad to be able to join in the chorus of praise in honour of Miss Johnson, because she has put up a show which is truly remarkable for a woman. It would have been quite good for any male pilot. And a man could only beat it if he had luck as well as judgment.

Mr. Bert Hinkler's time is better because, besides being one of the best pilots of aeroplanes in England, which means in the world, and besides being a mechanical genius (as yet not recognized), he is also a born organizer. And so when he made his voyage to Australia he carefully chose to start at a time which would *not* bring him to India and Burma in monsoon weather.

But, being a born organizer, he chose to go by the north coast of Africa, where it is fairly civilized. Thus he followed what an Irish friend of mine called a well-trodden air route where he was sure of landing-grounds and supplies. And that cost him an extra two days, because his route was much longer than Miss Johnson's.

She took a chance and flew over the Balkans, where the prospects of a successful forced landing are remote, and where there are no properly organized aerodromes. Also she took a still bigger chance in flying direct from Constantinople to Aleppo, over the Taurus Mountains, and over that desolate tract in which poor young Cox of the R.A.F. disappeared in his attempt to fly home from "Iraq in record time"—and was never heard of again, although the Turkish Air Service and some kindly German civil aviators who had a Junkers monoplane at Angora searched hard for him. And so she gained the two days over Mr. Hinkler.

Actually the worst stage of the whole flight is the last 400 miles over open water from Timor to Darwin. To say that it is shark-infested makes it sound much more terrible, but one doubts whether sitting for some hours in a sinking aeroplane without a hope of being picked up, and with the certainty of drowning, is much preferable to sudden death by shark-bite.

People who take a chance on a flight like that in a light aeroplane with a single engine are very brave, but quite a lot of people will agree that they are very foolish. Perhaps the chance is worth taking *once*, as Bert Hinkler took it, just to be the first man to fly to Australia in a light aeroplane.

And perhaps Miss Johnson was justified in taking the chance for the sake of being the first woman to fly alone to Australia, although Mrs. Keith Millar had made the flight a couple of years earlier with Mr. Lancaster as co-pilot in a light aeroplane also. And perhaps Mrs. Millar and Lancaster were justified in taking the chance for the sake of being the first pair to do the journey in one light aeroplane.

But there are so many ways of being the first to do anything which is much in the public eye that ordinarily phlegmatic people must wonder sometimes if it is all worth while, or whether, like flying the Atlantic in unsuitable machines, it is just a sensational way of committing suicide.

PARENTAL PRIDE: Mr. and Mrs. Johnson read congratulatory telegrams in their north country home. Mr. Johnson's father was pure Danish, so one may with an element of truth quote to Miss Johnson Tennyson's great welcome to Queen Alexanara: "We are all of us Danes in our welcome of thee"

Anyhow, Miss Johnson has got there by a wonderful combination of pluck and luck. Sir Sefton Brancker, our valued Director of Civil Aviation, said about Captain Barnard the other day, "He has the quality of luck"—as was proved when, landing in the dark near Prague with Sir Sefton as passenger a year or two ago, he missed a high-tension cable by a couple of feet and pulled up a yard or so from a little wooden hut full of dynamite. In a somewhat similar way Miss Johnson is lucky; and yet she was unlucky in running into that ditch near Rangoon, after landing safely, and damaging her air-screw and wings, and thus losing the two days she had gained on Hinkler by taking her short cut, and another two days on top of that.

Still, when you come to think of it, neither her performance nor her popularity would have been so great without that accident, for if she had not fallen upon adversity she would not have been able to show that indomitable pluck which has proved her to be what she is—a rather splendid young woman.

Amid all the hysteria and general guff that has been poured out over her, there is much comfort to be got out of the sound and sane message sent to her on her arrival at Darwin by that excellent organization, the Returned Soldiers' League of Australia, who telegraphed: "We welcome you as the embodiment of that spirit which prompted British womanhood during the war to innumerable acts demanding the qualities of self-reliance, endurance, resoluteness, and sheer pluck."

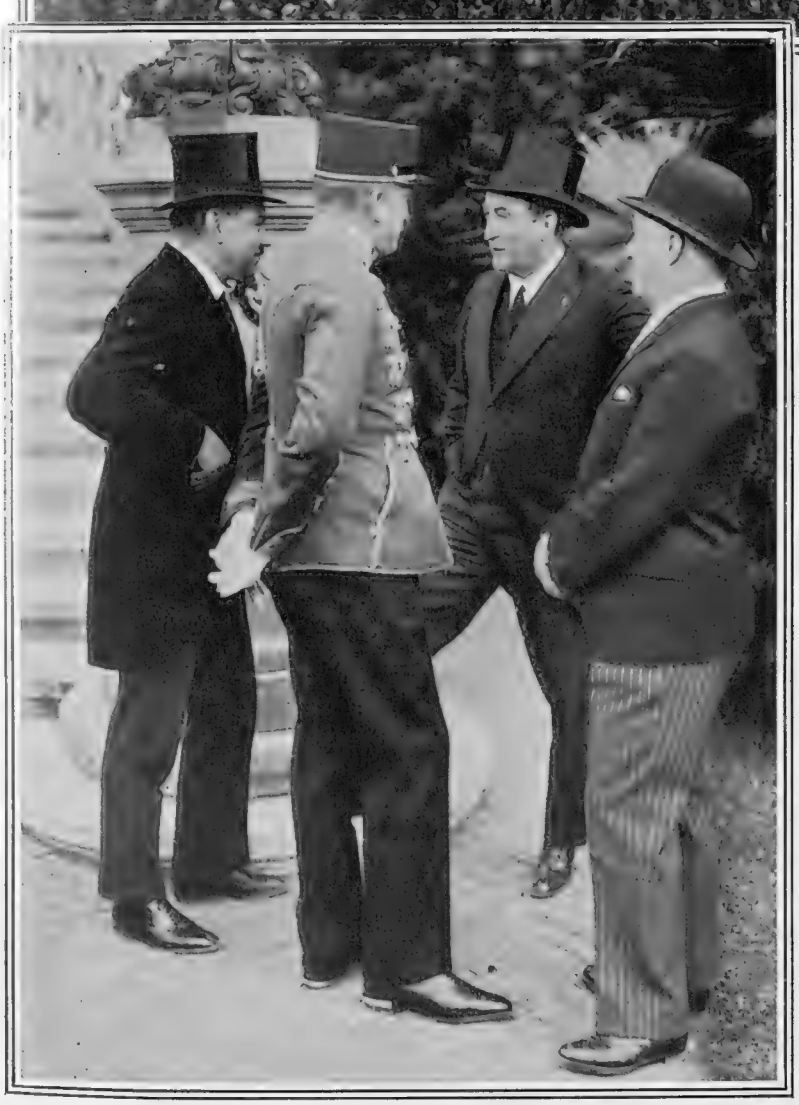
There you have the motive force behind the psychological momentum which has made Amy Johnson a world-heroine. Look at her photograph and you see the typical young Nordic woman of the type which for centuries has either bred or inspired the men who have gone forth on the crazy ventures into the great unknown which have built up the British Empire (and the more or less United States). Which explains everything.

[POST SCRIPTUM.—Only since this was written has the information been published that Miss Johnson's father's father is a pure-bred Dane, whose name was Jorgensen who settled in Hull (the Danes were ever a daring folk), and changed his name to Johnson. And he married a Holmes, which is a very Scandinavian name common in Yorkshire. So Miss Johnson, or Jorgensen, is true to type.—C. G. G.]

EUROPE — POLITICAL *and* MILITARY

The Duce's Fiery Speech in Florence: The German Army Manœuvres: Admiral Horthy's Reception

THE GREATEST CROWD EVER SEEN IN FLORENCE: A remarkable picture of the huge throng assembled in the Piazza della Signoria when Signor Mussolini made one of his famous impassioned speeches, in which he offered to the world either "the precious friendship or the stubborn enmity" of Italy



THE HUNGARIAN SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: Herr Gömbös (third from left) with other notables at the annual reception of President Horthy in Budapest. Leading members of the stage, society, and diplomacy were invited. Some 2,500 people were present. The reception was held in the gardens of Admiral Horthy's residence

THE MANŒUVRES OF THE GERMAN ARMY: This annual event is taking place in Doeberitz, near Berlin. The picture above shows the signaller of the Machine Gun Section of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry. The German army uses discs instead of flags—or hands—for their semaphores

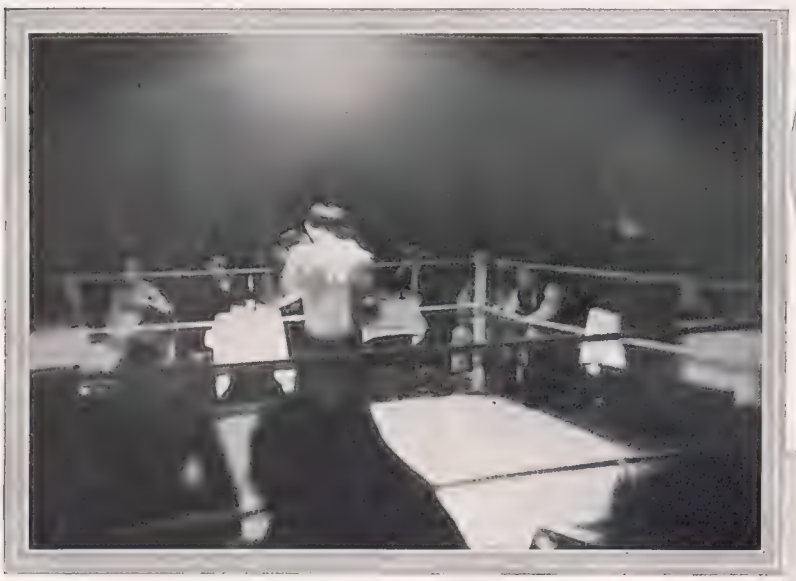
THE LONDON THAT AMUSES ITSELF—BY NIGHT

Recorded by a New Method of Flashlight Photography, whereby the Sitters are Caught by the Camera in Intimate and Unsuspected Moments of Relaxation. **(Pictures by Sasha)**

DURING THE ROUNDS IN ALBEMARLE STREET, 11.30 p.m.: Mr. Eric Froy's party; from left to right—Mr. Eric Froy, Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. G. A. Roberts, Mrs. Froy, Mr. Stephenson, Mrs. Roberts, and Mr. Freddy Barnett

CAPTAIN "BABE" BARNATO AND HIS RACING GUESTS: Captain Woolf Barnato, Captain Malcolm Campbell, and Lord Howe, a trio of famous racing drivers, are included in this group of spectators, here seen during dinner and between the rounds

AND THE GUARDS WERE THERE TOO: Guards officers and their guests at the cocktail bar before dinner



A THRILLING DIVERSION FOR JADED DINERS-OUT: A scene during one of the dinner-time contests staged on Monday evenings at the Bat Club in Albemarle Street

Captain Malcolm Campbell and Lord Howe discussing a cocktail

Mr. Nelson Keys in a ring-side seat at dinner

THE NEW LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN: Al Foreman (on right), with Mr. P. Graybrigge, 1929 Amateur Middle-weight Champion. During the evening Al Foreman boxed an exhibition bout with Harry Daniels

As recorded in these pages a few weeks ago, fashionable London has now discovered a new dinner- and supper-time thrill—the Monday evening boxing contests at the Bat Club in Albemarle Street, where one dines and wines to the accompaniment of lusty punches and stertorous breathing by ambitious light-, middle-, and heavy-weight boxers. During last Monday's boxing evening at the Bat many people well known in London Society and on the stage were present to savour the thrills of the newest and most exciting of London's social thrills. The pictures reproduced on this page, incidentally, were taken by means of a new and wonderful flashlight apparatus which bids fair to render the old flash powder method obsolete

Norman Hill tells

SPRING IN PARIS: A feature of the Gay City, the open-air cafe is permanent despite all changes

What has happened to PARIS

The night club has shifted its headquarters, and Paris is to-day a city once again, more French than Argentine, Greek, Jewish, English, or even American!

"Paris is not the same."

It is a phrase which is heard from the lips of nearly every returned visitor to the French capital. Paris is expensive. Paris is no longer gay. Paris goes to bed at midnight. Paris is become *demodé*. In fact Paris is not the same. But then no city ever is—Paris especially. You should go to Paris only once.

In those hectic days which accompanied the fall of the franc, the days when fifty centimes was represented by a square of gaily printed paper and *billets de mille* were thicker than the traditional autumnal leaves, there were countless people—English, Americans, Argentines, Armenians—who made Paris the hunting-ground of their looser passions. Their foreign currency made the prices of the faubourg St. Honoré look like Middlesex Street. Their exuberance astonished the *chétifs* who battened on the night life of the Butte Montmartre. Their artlessness made Montparnasse almost artistic. Their extravagance overwhelmed a nation whose instincts were thrifty by nature and whose bodies had scarcely recovered from a war within the frontier. It was one of the most astonishing invasions in the history of cities.

The aspect of that part of Paris which *is*, and I suppose always will be, the Paris of the tourist, changed completely. The café gave way to the American bar, and the boulevardier stepped gracefully into the gutter to make room for the Chicago corned beef king and his sadie. The boulevards were monopolized by the tourist who spoke English, American, or Spanish. Presently the all-clutching hand of the dollar and sterling embraced the important sites of the place de l'Opera and the avenue des Champs Élysées. English and American capital ran up hotels, banks, shops, and tourist agencies while the Parisian looked on and wondered what was happening. It was almost too sudden to give them time to protest.

Money never talked more effectively at any time than in the Paris of six or seven years ago. An American colony, chiefly composed of intending divorcees, settled in the French capital like a young Pittsburg. You heard more Anglo-Saxon at the races than you heard French. The French language became polluted with unmusical English words. The Parisians, who have always shown a marked proclivity to copy a foreign craze, wore hats *pour le sport;* the gigolos, a curious race indigenous to the place Vendôme, boasted of the cut of their "smokings," while those Parisiennes who could afford it—and a great number who could not—enjoyed themselves at the "dancings" to *le jazz Americain*. It went on for years—the visitor thinking Paris just a place to whirl in enjoyment, the Parisian imagining it the proper thing to try and whirl too—perhaps *faute de mieux*.

It is all changed now. Paris has become a French city again and travellers are returning crestfallen, their lips moving to the sad reflection, "Paris is not the same."

But then has Paris ever been the same from one decade to another? In common with other cities it has changed its social life with each generation; but perhaps in the French capital the change over has been more marked than in any other city. After all there are still exclusive circles in Mayfair where people of culture forgather without bringing their own liquor with them. The London Season is symptomatic of English phlegm and that innate conservatism possessed by all ranks and parties. The same old round of procedure is faithfully adhered to as in the days of our fathers, the only difference being that we now go to dull parties in taxicabs instead of the lumbering barouche or misnamed fly.

Paris used to have a Season—in the days of the great dames of the faubourg St. Germain—but it became a matter of history many years ago. Those salons which continue to exist are attended by hangers-on and half-wits and avoided by men of letters and artists of achievement. The gay *vie de Bohème* died with the equally meretricious Second Empire. The picturesqueness of Fantin Latour, Toulouse Lautrec, and their associates only continued its shabbiness until the time when the artists found they had money to burn. Then, like Rodin, the half-starved went to live in substantial houses and ate substantial meals, sometimes very inartistically. So-called artistic quarters are invariably inhabited by people who have no connection with art. It does not follow that a man knows anything about painting in oils because he walks down the King's Road in a flowing, spotted tie. And in the same way, for every Bohemian who walked the place du Tertre there were a score who dressed the part and tried to fancy they enjoyed scanty food and inferior wine.

VENICE ON THE SEINE! The Lido, the new night-club in Paris, offers baccarat or swimming as diversions. One may dine in bathing kit. A gondola floats on the pool to enhance the illusion

Perhaps it was the accessibility of Paris which gave it a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The free and easy temperament of the Latins appealed to northern peoples, accustomed to live in a more restricted environment. The romantic history of the French capital, the beauty of its buildings, the spaciousness of its streets and avenues, combined to make it one of the most attractive cities of the world. It always had a floating population of tens of thousands. Tens of thousands of men and women with money to spend and nothing to do. The result was inevitable — enterprising speculators set about providing amusements for the visitor, and Paris found herself the gay city of Europe, with a sort of gaiety which was not a bit Parisian.

Before the war *la ville lumière* was looked upon as the true inheritance of the naughty Paris of the novels of the 'nineties. The part was mistaken for the whole. The foreign quarter around the boulevards and the rue Royale was thought to represent the whole of the French capital. No one thought of the vast area within the walls inhabited by hard-working, sober-minded Frenchmen who never went near the boulevards, and spent their years struggling hard to make a few francs go where a hundred would not be too many. That same tradition was slowly dying when the war ended. The capital had suffered all the restrictions of four years of semi-starvation. At the time of the armistice its spirit was nearly broken in spite of its brave *panache*. It had become something like a vast market town, dull, a little sad, but not without character—in fact something like London, a city which has grown and goes on growing without knowing why.

It was then that the foreign invasion followed in the wake of cheap money. While that cheap money lasted Paris was the eldorado of harpies and cheap-jacks, dupes and knaves, gigolos and drunks. They settled on the old-time Bohemian quarter known as Montmartre, that eminence to the north of the city which had been famous in the history of the Commune. It had once been the home of real artists, and nothing provides so fertile a breeding-ground for night life as a place where artists have established a tradition. Artists have ever suffered from an imputation of bad manners and loose morals. They are supposed to go to bed with the dawn and produce their pictures by magic some time between their succession of bad headaches. It was traditional that Montmartre was a gay place, and that tradition was fostered when it came to the establishment of *boites de nuit*.

(Continued on page 474)

Lady DRUMMOND HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

Despite the fact that Lady Drummond Hay is now on board the Graf Zeppelin *on its cruise to the Americas, she has made special arrangements to preserve the continuity of her articles on World Affairs in "The Sphere."*

TWIN SPECIALISTS.—Vienna is credited with holding the European, if not the world's record, for the number of twins and triplets born each year. The fair Austrian capital, famous for wine, women, and song, has an average of 350 to 380 twins and twelve triplets annually. That is one pair of twins every day and one set of triplets every month. Seventy per cent. of the triplets are children of unwedded mothers. In 1928 all the triplets were born out of wedlock. Every fourth pair of Viennese twins come into the world in the same conditions. Although the birth-rate of Vienna is steadily decreasing, there has been no decrease in twins and triplets.

Authorities claim that about 25 per cent. of twins are "identical twins"—that is, of the same sex, with the same physical appearance, character, and mentality, which is the usual heritage of "identical twins."

A school for "identical twins only" to be taught by "identical twin" teachers is an experiment suggested by Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee and Dr. Howard J. Banker of the Carnegie Experimental Station in Philadelphia. The idea is to compare the effects of standard and advanced-method teaching of the same subjects on "identical" mentalities.

TURN TO THE EAST.—Gandhi is shaking Asia. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is jarring the British Empire.

After Genghiz Khan, the "Earth Shaker," Kublai Khan, Tamerlane, the Ming Emperors, Confucius, Buddha, Christ, Mohamed, Zoroaster, China's Dowager Empress, Ghazi Kemal Pacha, Riza Khan, Chang Tso-lin, Chiang Kai-shek—to name very few—Asia now confronts the world in general, and the British Empire in particular, with the Hindu "Saint" Mahatma Gandhi. Strange personalities all. Each peculiar in his own way, temperament, character, and inspiration. None more unique than Gandhi.

All our great religions, including our own Christian faith, are Oriental. Had their source, their origin in—Asia.

All the Gods and Prophets that we pray to, Christ, the Virgin Mary, Buddha, Mohamed come from the East

The Ten Commandments, the Divine basic Laws, came down to mankind on Sinai—in Asia.

Our Bible, the Talmud, the Koran, the Hindu Holy Writs, are all Asiatic books dealing with Asiatic peoples. Adam and Eve were Asiatics. The "snake," too, the "apple" also, which man this day refuses to refuse, were Asiatic. Moses, the great Law-giver, Abraham, Isaac, St. Peter, St. John, Judas—all Orientals.

Lenin, who has caused the Western world more worries, more troubles, than many for more than a century, had an Asiatic strain in him.

Gandhi comes with a new doctrine, new in political life, as startling, as strange, as were some of the others in their time. Spiritual and mental force against physical force. Organized "thought force" against Government, police, cannon, bayonets. He is seeking to create a bloodless revolution through "non-violent" passive resistance, and "Civil Disobedience" among 320,000,000 people against British rule in India.

A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION?—It would be unwise to under-estimate the potential possibilities latent in that campaign in such a country as India. No amount of jeers or newspaper abuse of Gandhi and his movement, whether in India or in England, will have any effect, or make the task of Government less difficult. There is little consolation in the predictions that the movement "will die out again." They are but based on hopes to that effect. Even if it should subside, it is only a question of time before another wave will come. To believe that a "large proportion of the people of India prefer British rule" is to invite self-deception, and the shock of a rude awakening. No people likes to be ruled by aliens. Just because the masses of India are so woefully illiterate and ignorant, they are inclined, with their imaginative minds, to picture the benefits of "freedom" in colours far from reality. When I was in India two years ago, only twenty-one women in every thousand, and only eight out of every hundred men could read.

It is true that the Mohamedans are against the Hindus, but it is far from true that the Mohamedans of India are against self-government or independence. One of the greatest leaders of Moslems in India said to a friend of mine the other day, "We are not agreed with Gandhi in his present campaign, but we do believe that Gandhi is more of a Christ-like or Buddha-like figure than any other living man to-day."

Imagination, fantasy, desire, wish—father to the thought—all make it difficult for the individual even in daily life to face facts coldly and objectively. More often than not he or she indulges in self-deception that later has to be paid for in one way or another, with pain, sorrow, or material loss.

May Britain not so deceive herself in India.

WOMEN SHOULD RULE?—Men have muddled things, politically and economically, in the world. Now they should give women a chance, or at least a greater hand in world affairs than hitherto.

So says my friend Katherine von Kardorff-Oheimb, the one really outstanding feminine figure in politics and economics in Germany. Since men are astoundingly selfish in political matters, sometimes stingy in economics, and as they are strongly disinclined to share "government" and "rule" with women, women must form a "Women's Party" she declares.

"Katinka," as she is widely known, calls for the formation of a Women's Party in Germany for "all women," for the common good of the country—men as well as women. Frau von Kardorff-Oheimb is the wife of the Vice-President of the German Reichstag, and has herself been a Reichstag Deputy. She is now married to her fourth husband, has six children, manages an estate and also an industrial concern. With all that, there is nothing masculine about her.

"Katinka" argues that the family is the basic unit of the State, that the women are the most stable factor in the family, and constitute the more important part of national internal economics because the regulation of the family budget, which means consumption and buying power, is largely in the women's hands. Women often have a higher and more unselfish sense of patriotism than men. The latter claim for themselves the right to die for country, the women the right to live, struggle, suffer for family and country, which sometimes requires no less courage and more fortitude.

A Woman's Party, placing welfare of family and country above politics and selfish party interests, she contends, might save Germany from the present chaos of party-Soviet-dictatorship, which has made a farce of the fundamental principles of parliamentary government, as known in England and America.

Among the reforms which a Women's Party would demand in Germany, Frau von Kardorff-Oheimb announces, would be a two-chamber Parliament of which the one would be non-partisan, and composed of leaders and specialists in trades, professions, commerce, industry, agriculture, etc. "Women unite against the disintegrating factors in our national life. The disintegration of the family means the disintegration of the nation."

AN ARDENT FEMINIST: "Katinka"—as Frau Katherine von Kardorff-Oheimb is affectionately known throughout Germany, where her influence is very far-reaching

By courtesy of Coast Lines, Ltd.

"MONTE" IN THE FREE STATE: Bray, County Wicklow, where a group of financiers are hoping, with permission from the Dail, to erect a casino of the order of the great Riviera resort

MONTE IN THE FREE STATE.—Bray, near Dublin, aspires to be an Irish "Monte Carlo." Permission of the Dail is being sought to establish a casino there by a group of enterprising financiers who, according to report, are prepared to spend some £60,000 on the development of the little town.

Wiesbaden has almost simultaneous ambitions to become the German "Monte Carlo." The city is in financial difficulties. Tourists and the smart pre-war society have been neglecting the resort since the Occupation. The mayor put forward plans for a casino and gambling halls, taxation on which, he declared, would help both the city and national exchequer. He sees Wiesbaden as a rival to famous Zoppot, near Danzig, the picturesque "Monte Carlo of the North," patronized by Scandinavians, rugged inhabitants of the Baltic States, Finns, Eskimos, Lapps, and reindeer magnates of the snowlands.

To acclaim any resort a "Monte Carlo" invests it with a certain glamour and lure, no matter how fleeting. I remember the thrill of anticipation preceding the opening of the Yildiz Palace in Constantinople as a casino when I was there at the time. Hailed as the "Monte Carlo" of the Near East, aureoled with romance on account of old associations, opened in state by the Minister of Interior, Yildiz Casino lasted one year only. The ruin of many Turks at the tables was given as reason for the closing, but it is alleged that in reality the rich tourists did not roll up in sufficient numbers.

"Monte Carlo's" are many in name but few in fact. One of the most worthy aspirants to that fame is colourful Macao, the "Monte Carlo of the Orient." Macao was given by the Chinese to the Portuguese in 1557. Generations of inter-marriage between Portuguese and Chinese has produced the Macanese—the world's greatest gambler. Macao is a corner of old-world Latin Europe, complete with venerable churches, dropped in the hottest part of China. There are three different lotteries in Macao, one, the Pac Cap Pio, with drawing three times a day; the San Pio with drawings once a week; and the Po Pio which is drawn every fifth day. Fan-tan is the universal gambling game. The Macao Government exchequer benefits heavily from the monopoly granted to the Fan-tan Syndicate.

Gaming receipts of the real Monte Carlo in Monaco for the year 1929–30 were £1,000,000, which is an increase of £8,000 over the previous year.

"IPHIGENIA IN AULIS": An impressive scenic effect in the open-air (Greek) theatre at Syracuse. The great tragedy of Euripides gains much from the glorious surroundings and more from the associations of two thousand and more years which hallow the theatre, which, despite its age, is still notable for its fine acoustic properties

CLASSIC DRAMA in a CLASSIC SETTING

The Plays of Antiquity Presented in the Open-air Theatre of Syracuse

THE TRIUMPH OF AGAMEMNON: The majesty of the verse of Æschylus sounds at its best in the great theatre of what was once a gem of *Magna Græcia*—the city of Archimedes and the magnet of Alcibiades

The plays of the Golden Age of Hellas strike, to modern eyes and ears, a note curiously alien—more foreign, perhaps, than mere passage of time would involve. To bring these classic tragedies within the scope of comprehension of audiences of to-day the National Institute of Antique Drama—an Italian organization of note—held a competition for the translation into modern Italian of the Greek originals. This competition demanded of its entrants that they should endeavour to translate not only the words from ancient Greek into modern Italian, but also ancient formalism into modern theatre. The work was finally completed by Signor Giunio Garavani. Two eminent maestros were engaged to scheme the choral and choreographic interludes. The costumes and scenery were designed by Signor Duilio Cambelotti.

IN GANDHI-FREE

The 600,000 sq. miles controlled India remain undisturbed by the of Gandhi and

UNDER MARTIAL LAW: *Sholápur, a view showing in the distance the high plain surrounding the town. The Elkruk Canal is visible in the left-hand corner*

A STORM CENTRE IN INDIA: *Chittagong, in East Bengal, on the Karnaphuli River, opposite the Ganges Delta, at the head of the Bay of Bengal, is in an isolated position, and while trouble there is not necessarily dangerous, it is difficult to cope with owing to the hilly jungle-covered districts and the vast forests of teak and other timber*

"India is seething and boiling over like a kettle. And what is going to happen next?"

Your pardon. India is *not* boiling over. Certain towns, scattered in various parts of *British* India, have, for an odd day or so recently, got out of hand; and, allowing for a lack of synchronization due to habitual Eastern lack of punctuality, the various outbreaks may be said to have been concerted from a common command behind the scenes, to which even Gandhi himself is obedient. But India, *as* India, is by no means boiling over.

LUXURY IN A HILL STATION: *An English drawing-room in one of the luxurious houses. This is by no means the usual type of English bungalow in India. The appearance of flowers renders it certain that it is set in a hill station*

THE TWO INDIAS

This map shows that the main division of India is neither ethnographical nor religious; it is governmental. The portion of the country ruled by the British Raj is shown in white, while the black portion is the stupendous area ruled by the Hereditary Princes, each of whom rules his own State, and each of whom is an ally, though not a subject, of the King-Emperor.

The mistake arises from thinking of India as one immense dependency or subject territory ruled by England. Technically, legally, and politically, there is *not one India, but two.* India is, indeed, an Empire, but only two-thirds of it is ours. One-third, an area of 600,000 square miles, and which contains one-fifth of the total Indian population, is independent of us and is ruled by Native Princes. A striking illustration of their separation from the normal administrative problems of the land is the provision for their separate use of a Durbar Hall which is not the least imposing of the three central buildings of New Delhi.

Now, by whatever weakness we have mismanaged our portion of the land, and have thereby allowed disaffected elements to believe us powerless to repress them, such is emphatically not the case in the Native States. It is an eye-opener to see the matter reduced to a diagram, and to find, as we see here, that places as far apart as Chittagong and Karachi, Peshawar and Madras, have — though momentarily — showed the teeth of open rebellion. That sporadic troubles have taken place in intermediate areas, which grow thicker as we approach Gandhi's particular stamping-ground, the Bombay side. But that not one of these centres of disaffection is to be found within an area ruled by a Native Prince.

The reason, you would ask? Not because the hate-born outbreaks find no target in the fellow-Indian. The would-be revolutionaries hate the Princes as much as they hate us. Not because there is nothing tangible to be gained from upsetting the Native States. These States are the repositories of wealth undreamt-of in the West. Not because the Westernized forms of government for which the disaffected clamour are already established in the States. The States are, singly and collectively, ruled by the personal power of the Prince, and have no use for parliaments.

Why, then, do the mischief-makers confine themselves to that portion of the land which is British?

The answer lies deeply rooted in the nature of the outbreak itself. It, and the catchwords in which it clothes itself, are artificial. The

TRI-UNE GOVERNMENT: *The house of centre at New Delhi has three Durbar Halls, one voted to th*

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THE SCENERY of the ULTIMATE SOUTH

A Close-up Impression of the Mountains of Antarctica

IN THE QUEEN MAUD RANGE: Stratified rocks at the foot-hills between Liv and Axel Heiberg Glaciers

World copyright by "New York Times"

A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS OF THE ULTIMATE SOUTH: Camp Balchen on the north-east of Mount Fridjof Nansen in the Queen Maud Range showing horizontal stratification

The tabular form of the mountain tops and finely terraced steep slopes with almost horizontal strata marked out by snow is a topography typical of the Beacon Sandstone formation, which is known to extend from the other Mount Nansen, in the Terra Nova Bay region, to Buckley Island and Mount Darwin at the head of the Beardmore Glacier. The picture above seems to indicate a still further extension to the west of this remarkable formation. It was in the Beacon Sandstone that seams of coal were found at Buckley Island by F. Wild on Sir Ernest Shackleton's Expedition in 1907–9, and further investigated by Dr. E. A. Wilson on Captain Scott's last Expedition. The rocks in the foreground may be the foundation of metamorphic rocks on which the Beacon Sandstone rests. Some of the darker bands with steeper slopes in the Sandstone Series are probably sills of quartz-dolerite, which have been found to extend with remarkable uniformity throughout the formation.

All is not ice and snow in the Antarctic. From these pictures just received from the Byrd expedition, one can see at a glance that geology has its place in the make-up of the scene. Here is a close-up view of some interesting stratified rocks which will hold the interest of all who can read their message. There is always a persistent lure for the petrologists who accompany these expeditions. What will they find? Gold? Platinum? Radium ore? At present they have only found coal as a possible product of use to humanity. An expert geologist gives us below his reading of the two formations of the Antarctic we present on this page

The picture above shows light coloured (or aplitic) granite intruded into a dark rock without conspicuous foliation, i. e. thin plates which split longitudinally. Small specimens brought back by Amundsen from Mount Betty (near this locality) have been described by Dr. J. Schetelig as granite intrusive in dark fine-grained biotite-gneiss with well-marked schistosity. The dark rocks in the picture are probably gneiss such as Schetelig describes. A similar appearance would, however, be presented by a fine-grained darker-looking granite diorite of the kind collected and photographed by Priestley in the northern foot-hills of Terra Nova Bay, where the dark rock is seamed with light-coloured granite and microgranite with grains which are so small they need a lens to see them. In the report on the British Antarctic (Terra Nova) 1910–13 Expedition it has been suggested that granites similar to those of Mount Betty may be found in the neighbourhood of the Priestley Glacier, in the Terra Nova Bay region

MR. HUXLEY AND OTHERS

And A New Life of Leigh Hunt

By JAMES LAVER

LEIGH HUNT AT THE AGE OF SEVEN: An illustration, taken from a miniature, to Leigh Hunt, *by Edward Blunden (Cobden-Sanderson, 21s. net)*

A new volume of short stories by Mr. Aldous Huxley — *Brief Candles* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net)—can hardly fail to awaken interest in the most *blasé*, indeed it is especially to the most *blasé* that Mr. Huxley's stories are likely to appeal. Those who have read *Little Mexican*, *Limbo*, and *Two or Three Graces* (and who has not?) know that Mr. Huxley is one of the ablest short-story writers we have. His novels, in retrospect, may seem thin; mere oceans of talk swishing round the world until they are brought up sharp by some sheer cliff of improbable action, like the murder in *Point Counter Point*. But the talk is good, and in the short stories it can be used as the vehicle for conveying character. Had Mr. Huxley lived in an earlier age he might have adopted the method of Theophrastus. In a novel-ridden period like the present he writes novels, but he has none of the sweep of the true novelist. A Balzac can make of a miser an epic giant. Mr. Huxley's most crowded canvases are nothing but an assembly of insects. The insects rush hither and thither but they move to no grand rhythm, towards no final purpose, for the very good reason that Mr. Huxley does not believe in grand rhythms and final purposes. For him, to see life steadily is to see it in fragments. So he is happiest when he takes his insects one by one, pops them under his microscope, and bids us wonder at their extraordinary ugliness.

The first story in the present volume is concerned with the character of a recently-deceased millionaire seen through the eyes of the hypocritical sycophant who has written his *Life*. The sycophant is a brilliant invention. It enables the author to say all the bitter things he wants to say without compromising himself. The millionaire has a "heart of hogwash," and his biographer no heart at all, nothing in fact but an appetite for Napoleon brandy and Corona Coronas, which fail to mellow his humour. The story is therefore concerned with two extremely unpleasant men and the even more repulsive women with whom they come in contact. There is a brilliant analysis of the character of one of the millionaire's mistresses, a woman who persuades herself that she is a blend of St. Catherine of Siena and Mahatma Gandhi. She is quite loathsome. I wonder if it has ever struck Mr. Huxley that the proportion of quite loathsome people in his books is singularly high! I have heard that somewhere in the world there is laughter without malice, and disinterested companionship, and people making love who actually enjoy themselves in the process. From such people Mr. Huxley seems to be withdrawing himself more and more. He is losing whatever human sympathy he ever had. A pity! He is such a brilliant technician.

After Mr. Huxley's absinthe, try Mr. Leonard Merrick's champagne! Perhaps some of it is only sparkling muscatel, but at least it sparkles. *The Little Dog Laughed* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net) is a collection of short stories on the familiar themes, told with wit of a kindly sort, and sweetened with sentiment. Fortunately Mr. Merrick's sentiment is not the kind of sugar that is added afterwards, but the kind that develops naturally in the bottle. A sense of humour has enabled Mr. Merrick to shed his illusions and keep his good nature. "I am a writer," cries Galopin, the French concocter of farces, in the first story, "The Elevation of Lulu." "I am a writer—I am above restrictions. Vice is at once my pastime and my inspiration. From the sewers I derive my daily bread." One can see the little man patting the rotundity of his waistcoat and tucking his napkin into the top of his collar. What a slimy slug Mr. Huxley would have made of him!

The Stranger, by Godfrey Elton (Constable. 7s. 6d. net), is the story of an English boy born abroad and brought to England too late to allow him the benefits of a public school education. The device of introducing a visitant from another sphere in order to satirize familiar institutions is an old one, but Mr. Elton uses his opportunities sparingly. The opening chapters are mildly satirical, but the Stranger is fundamentally as English as the people he meets, and Mr. Elton, too, although he sees the absurdities of garden parties and "doing" Latin verse, loves the English scene too well to be bitter about it. The action stretches from a few years before the war until immediately after it. Mr. Elton's main characters are all young and all refreshingly simple and direct; even Sir Peter, the young baronet, who is by way of being the villain of the book. Their thoughts and actions are described with a curiously poetical charm.

Shrimps for Tea, by Josephine Blumenfeld (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net), is a volume of short stories, some little more than sketches, of very varying quality. Perhaps the first story is the best, but there are enough like it to make the book worth while. Miss Blumenfeld has a quick and sympathetic eye for the troubles of simple people, people whom it would be easy for a cynic to see in a wholly contemptuous light. The writer will probably do even better when she begins to work on a larger scale.

The Blackthorn Winter, by Philippa Powys (Constable. 7s. 6d. net), is a well-handled story of village life and the disturbances which a gipsy caravan may bring thereto. A story like this is only tolerable if the author has a real knowledge and love of the country he describes, such a love and knowledge of the "high, white cliffs of Dorset" as is shown in *The Blackthorn Winter*. The gipsy's wooing is treated with imagination and his inevitable flightiness not turned into an excuse for sentimentality. The rejected blacksmith rescues the heroine at last from a life of utter misery and despair.

LEIGH HUNT by his wife, from a silhouette in the possession of the Right Hon. Sir William Bull, Bart.

The two illustrations on this page come from a considerable biography of a figure sadly neglected at the present time—Leigh Hunt. Much of a poet, something of an essayist, and more than either of a friend to greater genius than his own, Hunt, who was intimate with Shelley, Keats, Byron, Lamb, Moore, Coleridge, Dickens, and Carlyle—to name only the high-lights—has deserved better than the oblivion of to-day or the pillory of Skimpole in *Bleak House*. Mr. Blunden has done a good service to letters in this biography

Her Father's House, by Hilda Vaughan (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net), is a study of a girl born in the early 'seventies of the last century to an ill-assorted couple, her father an extravagant country gentleman and her mother a Puritan farmer's daughter. The mother carries the child away from her father's house into the mountains of Radnorshire, and there her rebellious childhood was passed. Later she struggled for a livelihood in London, and while doing so the image of her father's house, which she had left in childhood, became a symbol of all that was desirable and unobtainable. Her husband falls into the ranks of casual labour, and the image of the imagined house grows larger and larger. In the end she sets out alone and on foot to walk to it in order that her son may be born under what she regards as the ancestral roof. An interesting story of the influence of one parent persisting in the nature of a child in spite of the efforts of the other parent to root it out. The description of the long trail across country is vivid and convincing.

The work of yet another woman novelist remains to be dealt with. Miss H. du Coudray's first novel, *Another Country*, won the University Novel competition, and was generally recognized as very promising work. *The Brief Hour* (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d. net) fufils that promise. It is a story of a French family told in a quick, alert style, which passes when necessary into a rounded fullness of phrase very satisfying to the ear. Miss du Coudray sees her characters clearly enough, perhaps a little sardonically at times, but she is not too eager to make game of them. An unusual kind of story related by a singularly mature intelligence.

Another second novel which does not belie the promise of the first is *A Man of Manners*, by Phillip Hughes (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net). Dorothy, the heroine, is the daughter of "the Dresden shepherdess" of Simla, and "Old Dobbin," a soldier whose characteristics are most engagingly sketched in the opening pages of the book. After her father's death the girl becomes a dancing instructress, and marries a rich young scamp whose riches do not last. Their life in various parts of London, according to the momentary condition of their means, is described by the author as one who knows. The scamp deserts her, and a different kind of man comes into her life just in time to save her from suicide. The author has been successful in making of his heroine a human and lovable figure.

briefly commended

The New Woodcut, by *M. C. Salaman.* **(The Studio. 7s. 6d. net in wrapper; 10s. 6d. net in cloth.)**—A book which will appeal to everyone of artistic tastes—a collection of the finest woodcuts of the present day, described by a famous critic. A great revival in this fascinating art has taken place, and the 190 reproductions contained in the volume (eight of which are in colour) bear witness to the originality, the power, and wide popular appeal of the modern artist in wood. The new woodcut is definitely a decorative feature in the modern home.

Penultima, by *Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., LL.D.* **(Martin Hopkinson. 18s. net.)**—A book of reminiscences commendably mellow in tone and commendably interesting in subject-matter. Politics, the bar, letters, religion, education, and domestic changes in a long lifetime, form an attractive field for discussions. The most notable portraits are those of Bright, Balfour, and Mr. Justice Hawkins.

Marriage — Past, Present, and Future, by *Ralph de Pomerai.* **(Constable. 15s. net.)**—An interesting volume dealing with the history and practice of the obverse and reverse of the matrimonial seal—marriage and divorce—from primitive times to the present day. A forecast of the future is stimulating—even if only of disagreement. Definitely arraying the moderns on the side of the angels, M. de Pomerai is a pragmatist who masquerades (like so many thinkers of to-day) as an idealist. His ideals are easier—as well as more wholesome—to fulfil than those of the past.

Famous Shipwrecks, by *Frank H. Shaw.* **(Elkin, Mathews and Marrot. 12s. 6d. net.)**—Captain Shaw should be able to write of the sea for he has been a lover of it all his life. It may also be said that he is able to write of it! The series of stark episodes is illustrated by flashes of heroism and touches of pathos. The *Royal George* and the Rye lifeboat are, differently, as befits the difference of the theme, equally well treated.

By Way of Cape Horn, by *A. J. Villiers.* **(Bles. 25s. net.)**—Heroism and disaster, iron nerves and muscles, hideous unreason and death, stalk through this record of a man who, with a friend, shipped before the mast to take motion pictures of a square-rigged ship rounding the Horn. The journey from Australia to Queenstown on the Finnish ship *Grace Harwar* took five months. The epic is comparable only to the *Dauber* of the Poet Laureate.

The Elizabethan Underworld, prepared by *A. V. Judges.* **(Routledge. 25s. net.)**—Tracts and ballads of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, annotated and introduced by a distinguished historian. Middleton, Greene, Harman, and Dekker all come into the compendium, which, though informative, is the reverse of dull.

INSECTS BENEATH THE MICRO-LENS

A Chinese Night Butterfly and a Tropical Spider Recorded by the Camera

A WONDER OF MICROPHOTOGRAPHY: The head of a Chinese night butterfly. The tiny "antennae" of the insect appear under the highly-powered lens of the micro-camera to be constructed on the principle of feathers

A BIRD-CATCHING SPIDER: A denizen of the tropics which feeds on insects larger than itself and birds the size of sparrows

The bird or bush-spiders are mainly at home in the tropics (Southern Asia and South America). They are shy of the light, and in the day-time lurk alone in self-bored tubes in the earth. Those of the female are lined with cob-webs. At the slightest movement they are prepared for attack, and with their vibrating jaws and bristling hairs offer a formidable appearance. They terrorize small vertebrates, and birds of the size of sparrows, and kill with a bite of their fang-like jaws

A HERO'S DREAM DISSOLVES

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The Evacuation of the Rhineland Sounds the Knell of the "die-hard" Foch Policy of the "Rhine-Frontier"

General Guillaumat is about to rise for the last time from Napoleon's bed in the Grand Ducal Palace at Mainz, and President Hindenburg will shortly be heading Rhinewards for great Deliverance celebrations. After 11½ years the French are turning their knapsacks on *Vater Rhein*, leaving only the Saar outstanding of war-time territorial questions. What will posterity say of the Tricolour's protracted fluttering beyond the frontier of France?

There are three modern precedents to go by. Napoleon's occupation of Prussia after the Peace of Tilsit in 1807. Wellington's sojourn in France after Waterloo. And Manteuffel's overlordship in the same country after the Franco-Prussian War.

The first of the three bears a resemblance to certain phases of the Occupation now ending, and also conducted by France. Berthier promised the vanquished Field-Marshal Kalckreuth to evacuate inside of three months provided Prussia paid up 20,000,000 francs. But only verbally, and when zero day arrived the Emperor proceeded to increase his demands to 154,000,000 francs—an impossible figure. He did not mean it to be possible. He desired to remain in Prussia for political purposes, not to annex it, but to use it as a "jumping-off point" in the new war with Russia that he, better than anyone, knew was on the way. Actually we called him off. In 1808 our victories in the Peninsula compelled him to reinforce Soult from the 150,000 he had kept on in Prussia. The latter had to foot the entire bill for the upkeep of this force, and was only permitted to retain a 40,000 Landwehr. Napoleon boasted that he had "got a milliard" out of the Prussians.

Wellington's occupation of Northern France at the head of an allied army of 150,000 "European Police" was a mild affair. The returned Bourbons wished it chiefly. Only 700,000,000 francs were being extracted. In 1817 the French King asked Wellington to withdraw as His Majesty was being weakened by propaganda that the monarchy was being supported by foreign bayonets. The Allies reduced to 30,000 men. Next year these were gone.

In March, 1871, Bismarck undertook to move his 800,000 victorious Germans out of France as and when France, represented by Thiers, paid up slices of the five milliards indemnity. The Prussians were in thirty-three French departments. Even before the Treaty of Frankfurt was signed, however, the Iron Chancellor regretted his "generosity." He saw that for France the five milliards were a mere bagatelle, and he pounced upon the Commune—as weakening to the Thiers Government—to keep over half-a-million men on the right bank of the Seine. As history relates, he wished to make war again on France almost directly, in order to get really good spoil this time, but we put a spoke in his wheel. There were still 47,000 Prussians in France in the autumn of 1873. The French officially admitted that Manteuffel's régime was not too severe. Bismarck wanted to get Manteuffel out and away; but the latter was old Emperor William's favourite, which was a good thing for France.

The Occupation which is now on the point of ending will in all likelihood be mainly associated in history books with Foch's dream of the left bank of the Rhine as France's frontier. Everything else that transpired from 1918 to 1930 is dominated by that bid. As we know, Clemenceau wanted the Rhine too, but he realized that it would mean good-bye to England and America. Foch didn't care about that. He held burningly that the Rhine in Allied—French—hands was the only guarantee against a repetition of 1914 "within the next fifty years." Time must tell if he was right, although already changing warfare suggests that rivers and ranges will not arbitrarily pin down campaigns in the future as heretofore.

It would be foolish to evade the fact, submitted with all respect, that Foch's death paved the way for the present evacuation. Had he lived, such was his power and prestige that no French Government could have evacuated so early—five years before the full Treaty term. Yet, short of annexation, French policy has tellingly prevailed. The Young Plan guarantees her reparational payment as long as reparations continue to be paid, which should not be for so very long now. And the Republic has practically finished turning the Metz and eastern defences against Germany—these will be manned by a specially created frontier army to be formed under General Guillaumat. It is really more like backing 200 km. away from the Rhine, is this evacuation, except that, of course, the vital Mainz bridgehead is sacrificed. And that the French taxpayer will now have to pay for what was the *Armée du Rhin*. Fortunately he is well able to do so.

The French occupation of the Rhenish lands was dominated by three salient happenings. The Separatist Movement. The coloured troops. And the Ruhr. When the rest is forgotten these three are likely to be remembered.

Directly Generals Mangin and Gérard led the 10th and 8th Armies into Germany after the Armistice, the two soldiers lost not a day in fostering Separatism. They had a great chance then, if they had only humoured the Ruhr magnates instead of crowing over them—at least that was what the wise Rathenau was to tell General Allen, the U.S. Commander at Coblenz. The French Government's attitude was: "You go ahead and try and get the Rhinelanders to declare themselves independent of their own volition. That will spike Wilson's gun, with his self-determination rubbish!" What Mangin and Gérard did is a long and winding tale. The one supported Dorten at Wiesbaden, the other Haas in the Palatinate. Mangin received his quietus when the Americans declined to allow his agitators in Coblenz. When both soldiers were relieved, Weygand observed that "one cannot do these things at the gallop." A give-away if ever there was one!

The most-talked-of German of the Occupation, Dr. Dorten, now lives at Nice with a second, and French, wife.

Paying heed to Weygand, Paris next ordered considerable spade-work to be carried out in the Rhineland before another *putsch* would be sanctioned. This was undertaken principally by Chairmain Tirard of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission, and indubitably *the* outstanding figure of the Occupation. Tirard was at Coblenz throughout, and with his casting vote controlled the Commission whose rain of ordinances were practically all Tirard. Formerly a Lyautey man in Morocco, Tirard's manœuvring ability was incomparable. He was given the M.C. on the Domplatz at Cologne, though perhaps a trifle precipitately in the light of after events. Yet the long-prepared Separatist uprising which followed according to plan on the Ruhr—at a moment when Germany was completely down and out, and when the Rhinelanders must have liked her very much to have stayed with her—this *putsch* failed also, and by the 1924 London understanding the Allies were to be allowed to make no more efforts to break off part of the creditor land.

Meanwhile France had become involved over the coloured troops issue, and over "sanctions." With foolish obstinacy the France of Raymond Poincaré persisted in retaining 25,000 coloured troops on the Rhine. It doesn't matter if they were *café-au-lait*, it was wrong to use them to police a highly-civilized white race—apart from the outrages committed (although the Germans exaggerated greatly)—and France is experiencing a boomerang effect to-day, with mutinies in her Eastern dependencies. The old "Tiger" thought "blacks were good enough to police the Boches." After he had said this in Boston a coal-black mammie tried to kiss him, and did succeed in giving him roses.

The "sanctions," in some of which we joined, took the form of occupying towns in unoccupied Germany either when the Reich defaulted or by way of reprisal. The most notorious sanction was Frankfurt, when, among other things, Algerians caused 150 casualties with machine-gun fire. Against this the total loss of life arising directly from the Occupation cannot have been more than 200 all told—practically all in the French zone and Ruhr. The Germans did not go in for "removals" as the French did in 1871—fourteen Prussians were despatched by *francs-tireurs* or murdered in six months that year. I believe the total number of Allied soldiers done to death barely runs into double figures out of what was at one time a force of just under the million.

I have no space for the Ruhr, which, anyway, is familiar. The Poincaréist-Degoütte expedition of force "to dig coal with bayonets" (vide "L. G.") received general condemnation and lost France a sympathy she has not recovered. It damaged our industry and trade and drove the Americans away. It wrecked the mark and caused Stinnes to hand a bill for 700,000,000 gold marks to Berlin (he got 550,000,000). It brought back war-fever to the Rhineland, where we were getting along so well with the locals. Poincaré, however, will tell you that the invasion brought the Germans to their senses, ushered in the Dawes Plan, and produced Stresemann and Locarno. (Though whether he went to Essen in search of a Dawes or a Stresemann is another matter.) One thing the passive resistance did show was that Germany was still a nation. And even with the mark vanishing from 80,000 to 112,000,000,000 to £1 inside nine months! But then the rentenmark immediately materialized. The mysteries of international finance are supreme. . . .

The French *poilu* never made such a good thing of it on the Rhine as our fellows did. He did not go in much for sport and so had too much time to lounge about and brood. But he *was* all through able to fraternize with such Fräuleins as were agreeable. A French general observed on this head, "I do not understand you Anglo-Saxons forbidding the affection. A German girl, she is like a German wine—to be taken!" But then the French are singularly direct, even about their own women. Our Rhine Army used to meet French officers at horse shows and at the autumn manœuvres. They and the N.C.O.'s will be loath to leave, for they had so much free—coal, transport, lodging, light, water.

The Germans have little to complain of in the bearing of the young French conscript, but with the higher gradings, and especially the functionaries and the gendarmerie, they criticize rather freely. They also have few comfortable memories of the Sûreté, a thousand strong at one time, and prying into private lives, compiling *dossiers*, and recruiting informers.

General Guillaumat not long ago said that his merry men were "like tourists," and that they spent much money. The Rhinelanders

(*Continued on p.* 474.)

MOUNTAINEERING in SKYE.

Where Early Enthusiasts are Already Scaling the Peaks

A PERILOUS PEAK: The Mauvais Pas *on the famous Pinnacle Route on Sgurr nan Gillean. This picture shows the descent of the third pinnacle. This route has as much real rock-climbing as the Matterhorn from Zermatt side.*

Pictures by George D. Abraham

"THE LOWING HERD": A cattle study at Loch Slapin amongst the Black Coolin of Skye. Clach Glas and Blaven are the jagged peaks beyond the still loch. Inset above: *"TWIXT SEA AND 'SKYE'"! The last pull on the thin and narrow crest of the Bidein. Rock-climbing in Skye is one of the most fascinating of pastimes, for one not only obtains the finest of climbing, rivalling in places the steep scarps of the Dolomites or the Alps, but also carries out one's strenuous exercise in the loveliest of the "Isles of Dreams." The brown cattle, the peasants' crofts, and the ineffable peace have all been hymned by writers as diverse as Seton Gordon and John Buchan, and appreciated by many "mute inglorious Miltons" whose inarticulacy veils the profundity of their emotion.* *An article on Skye appears on p. 472*

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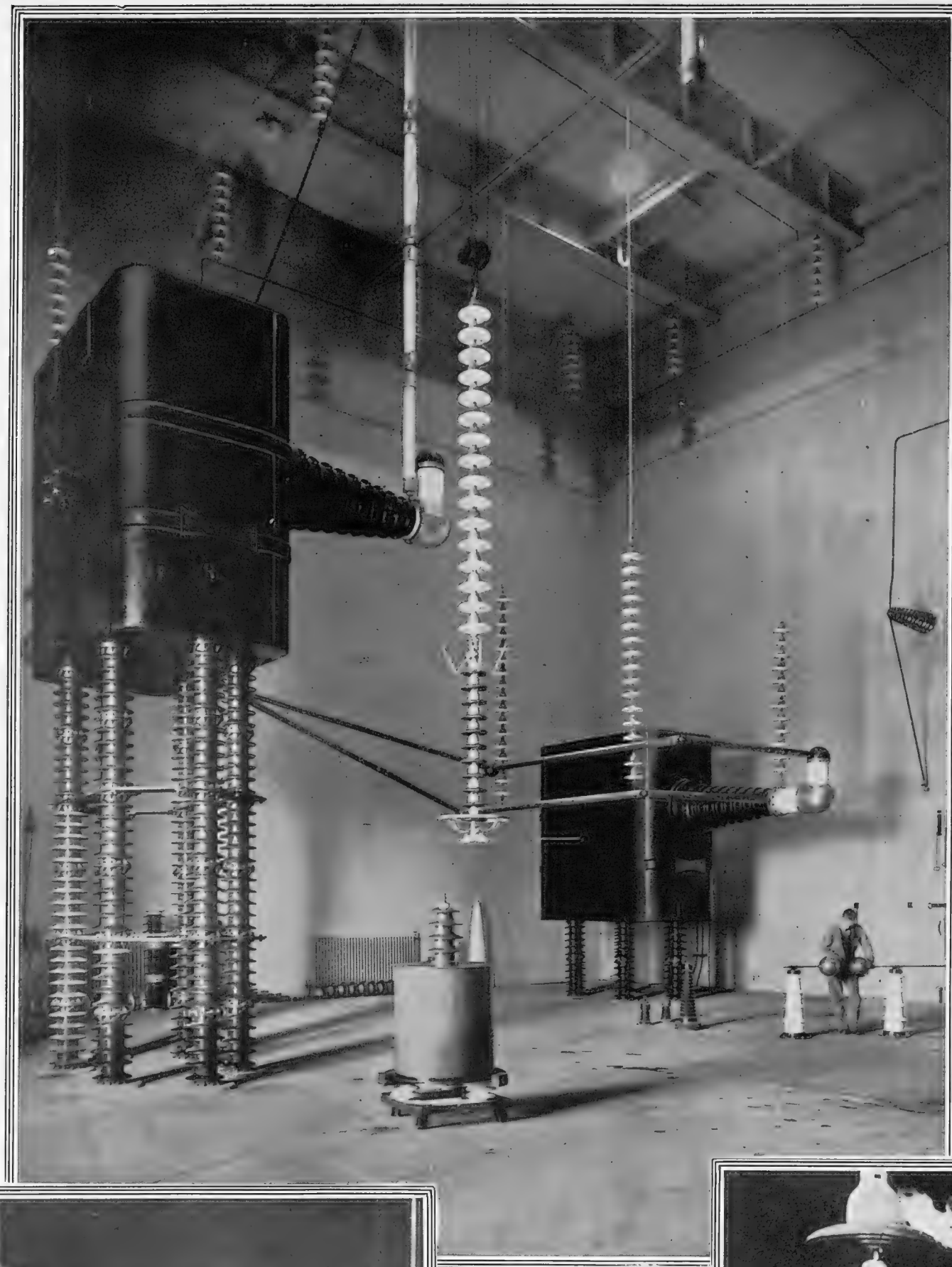
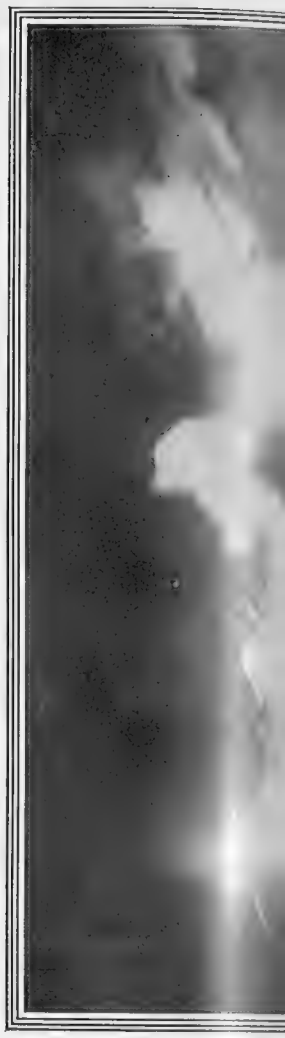


1,000,000-VOLT TESTING TRANSFORMERS: These great units in the research laboratory weigh 23 tons each. They are entirely insulated from earth for a working voltage of 750,000 volts by means of six porcelain supporting columns



ALCHEMY IN 1930: ... sooted string in a salt- ... favourable conditions, th ... arc immediately a

NOT A FIREWORK DISPLAY: This pyrotechnical demonstration is a flash-over from a smooth supporting insulator 7 ft. high, obtained by K.Va.-voltages. Under normal pressure these insulators would prevent any of this display happening, and the voltage has been raised until the electrical energy is oozing out at a couple of points on the right, and on the left it is flashing down to earth like a cone or cascade of lightning

On right—LIGHTNING TO ORDER! A huge sheet of electrical flame produced in a laboratory. The lightning billows in an artificially produced light breeze. The pressure of the voltage is so great that the current leaps the six porcelain insulators and flows downwards to earth. The resistance of the atmosphere has broken down under the strain, and the flow of current is seen as a tenuous ribbon of serrated silk

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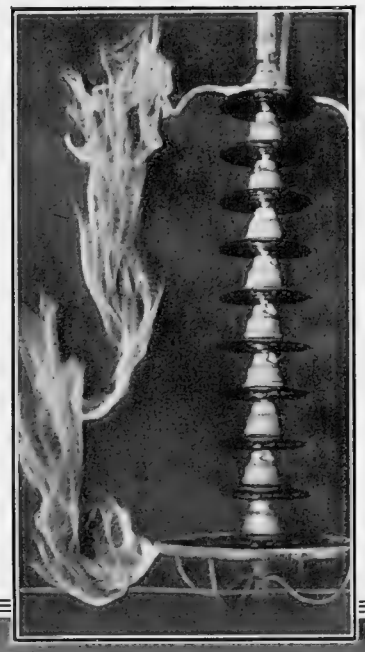
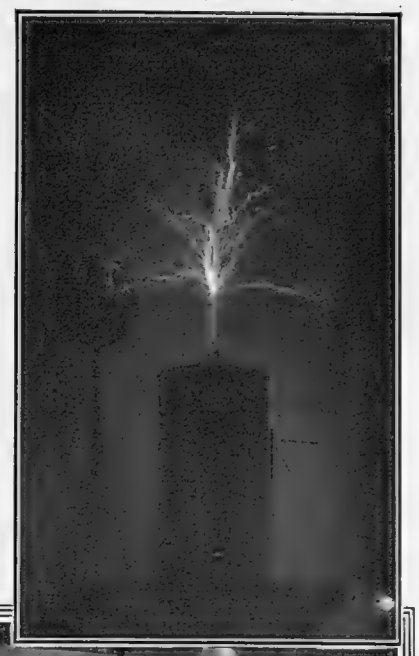
N HALLS of MYSTERY

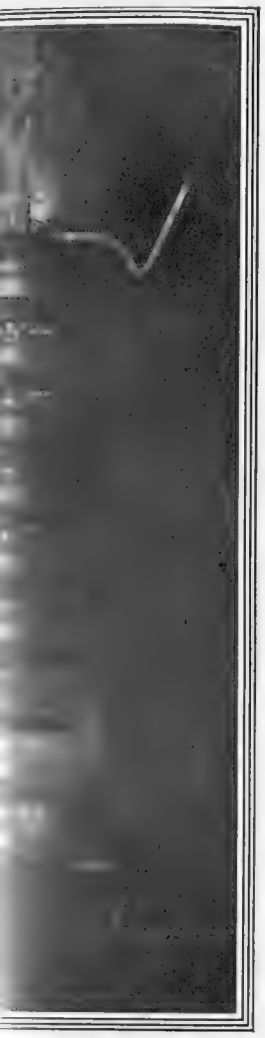
ical Devices in the new Research Laboratory
t, Worcestershire, where the strange troubles
t the distribution of high-voltage electricity
probed by clever brains and mechanisms



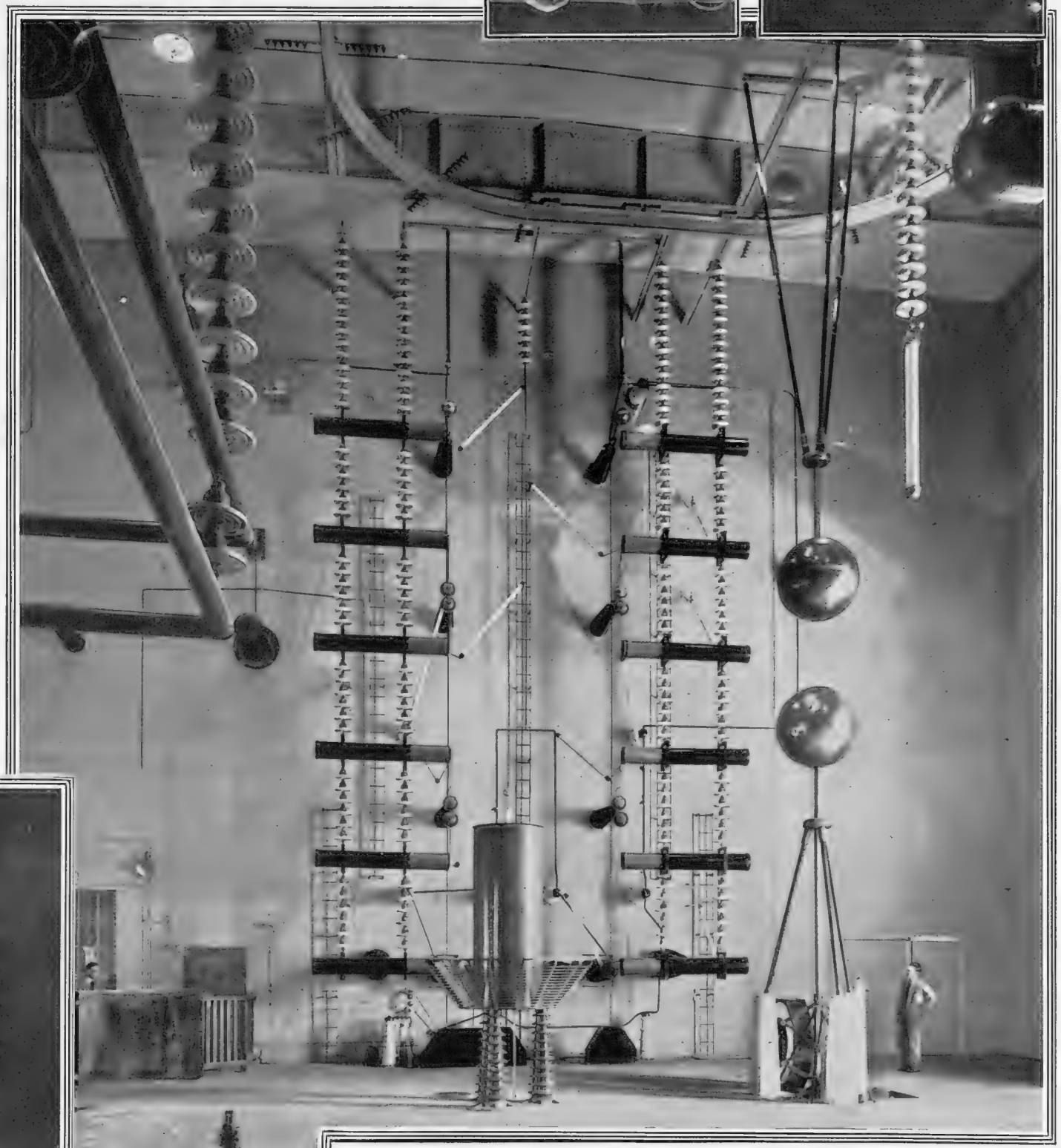
On right—A dry flash-over imitating sheet-lightning at fifty cycles on a standard suspension string at 450 K.Va.

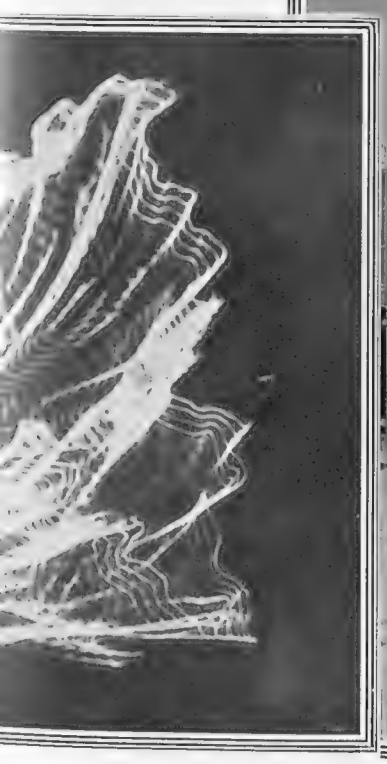


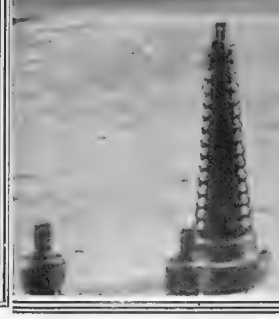
On extreme right—A 1,500,000-volt Tesla transformer



er arc on a heavily mosphere. Despite un- ctive fittings moved the m the insulators







WHERE THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING ON OVERHEAD CABLES CAN BE IMITATED AND TESTED: This extraordinary room, the first of its kind in Great Britain, looks like the gymnasium of gigantic robots. It is in reality part of the high-tension laboratory at Stourport for testing the power and quality of various apparatus used in connection with distribution of high-voltage electricity. One of the instruments shown is known as a *spheregap*; it is used for testing the quality of very high voltages. The discharges between these two copper globes result in peals of thunder of astounding loudness. An impulse generator, a Tesla H.F. transformer, are also shown discharging in the dark above. With the impulse generator, surges of peak value of 1,800,000 volts have been obtained

in Worcestershire, there has just been estab- nental laboratory which presents to the eye of of the strangest scenes to be witnessed in rld. Some idea of the visual appearance of employed and of the actual tests themselves page by the courtesy of Steatite and Porce- d., who have equipped this laboratory as a wing of manufacturing the latest types of insulator ction with the distribution of electrical current across country. The desire of a high-voltage current to leap out of the copper confines in which man would confine it brings about certain ills which have to be counteracted. Defective porcelain insulation, the presence of soot, rain, saline atmosphere, and the proximity of chemical works adversely affect the efficiency of the cables carrying current from electrical generating works to their points of usage. In the Stourport laboratory, dry and wet flash-overs are experimented with, and the scale of some of these experimental discharges is titanic. Steatite, the special material used at Stourport in the manufacture of insulators, is by nature a medium extremely favourable to insulation, but research of a very careful and wide nature is an essential of successful production. One of the great difficulties is to design an insulator that will not puncture, while another qualification is the capability of resisting the effects of an arc to such an extent that after removal of the arc caused by a flash-over an undisturbed continuance of service can be maintained. This laboratory is fitted with safety devices.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

Special "Sphere" process

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA: Two instantaneous impressions of Mr. Paul Robeson and Miss Peggy Ashcroft at the Savoy

The first night of *Othello* at the Savoy Theatre certainly had an air. Graced by the presence of gallant men and fair women, we almost expected to see the curtain rise on a bunch of Mr. Cochran's beauteous and jolly young ladies. The sudden darkening of the auditorium, synchronizing with a most morbid overture, however, soon made us realize that there are more serious things in life than the lighter lyrical stage.

A criticism of the performance becomes automatically a discussion of the merits, or demerits, of Paul Robeson in the title-rôle. The least said about the other members of the cast the better, with two exceptions.

It is difficult to reconcile the gullibility and stupidity of Othello with the fact that the Moor rose on his merits, and despite his "shadowed livery of the burning sun," to such a high office in the State of Venice and achieved such notable victories on its behalf. On Paul Robeson's appearance in the council chamber I felt that he would have at least portrayed Othello as being a man of action. Probably his wooden appearance and slowness in action were evidence of his scheme of building up a climax, as he gradually worked up to a crescendo of emotion shattering in its effect.

The quality of his voice was superb, ranging from a tender whisper to a resonant scream of outraged fury. Mr. Robeson understands well that suppressed, rather than expressed, rage is often the more effective of the two.

Whether it is seemly that a man of Robeson's race should, in the course of the play, kiss a white girl on the stage is beside the point, but it did not seem plausible that Peggy Ashcroft's beautiful Desdemona would love—in a physical sense—the Othello of this production.

The semi-obscurity of the stage and the unintelligibility of some of the actors accounted for many of the fine phrases being wasted, but Miss Ashcroft made her lovely lines seem even more beautiful by her clearness of enunciation and her gentleness of tone.

Mr. Maurice Browne was guilty of a sad lack of judgment in casting Mr. Maurice Browne in the part of Iago. He was exactly the opposite to the character as drawn by the author. At first he was obviously suffering from extreme nervousness, but improved as the play progressed, without, however, ever seeming the sly fox who covers his scheming cunning by a bluff and genial frankness.

On Iago's describing jealousy as being "The green-eyed monster," a dear old lady sitting behind me showed her superior knowledge by saying to her companion, "Taken from Kipling, of course"!

In the Cyprus scene two young ladies burst forth into an unnecessary and exasperatingly slow dance. They went off to practically no applause at all, which seemed to goad them on to appear again to do some more, and even slower, dancing. Much time was wasted by gentlemen in ill-fitting cuirasses doing some very elementary drill, whilst the young man who bangs the cymbals in the Cyprus Band would profit by going to see Jack Powell at the Pavilion.

All of which is superfluous. It could easily, and should have been, cut.

At the end of the show the curtain rose and fell times out of number, each time disclosing more and more of a mix-up on the stage. Each of the principals showed a proper shyness when called upon to make a speech, and when they did the supers applauded dutifully, especially on their "guv'nor" stepping forward. Various members of the company expressed a feeling that Miss Ellen van Volkenburg, the producer, should say a few words, but this lady was very shy, and when, eventually, Miss Sybil Thorndike, who made a lot out of the part of Emilia, stepped "once more into the breach" and was about to say something, Miss van Volkenburg's sudden appearance caused more confusion. The company seemed much happier than the members of the audience, although they tried hard to look as if they really enjoyed Shakespeare.

With all this production's many defects, it is worth while going to the Savoy Theatre to see Robeson's powerful *Othello*, Peggy Ashcroft's incomparably sweet Desdemona, and how the scenes should *not* be lighted.

Feeling that contrasts do one good, I paid a second visit to Wyndham's Theatre the following evening, to find a packed house, enthralled by the excellent entertainment furnished by Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot*. Budding dramatists should be chained together and dragged down to see this show, and learn the technique of play-writing. Fine situations follow each other with machine-gun-like rapidity, whilst at the end of each Act one saw the audience gaze round and seem astonished to be in dear, prosaic old London.

Charles Laughton, in spite of the fact that he makes his Chicago gangster appear to have learnt his English at Oxford instead of in the Bad City, seems hugely to enjoy his part, and plays it correspondingly well. Young Emmilyn Williams should go far. On seeing the play I came to the profound conclusion that there is nothing wrong with the English theatre except a dearth of authors of the calibre of Edgar Wallace.

TONI PERELLI: Playing at the organ with Mr. Charles Laughton is Maria, the wife of one of his gangsters (Miss Gladys Frazin)

Here is a play about Americans, the action takes place in America, and yet it is written by an Englishman, the whole being better than any of the American crime plays that have yet been produced. No matter what the subject, good plays will always fill theatres. The trouble is that if a certain type of play succeeds, every manager starts putting on the same sort of thing, whether good, bad, or indifferent. We shall probably soon have a glut of crime plays, mostly bad, the excuse for their presentation being the big success of *On the Spot*.

TONI WITH MINA LEE (Miss Gillian Lind), the unwilling and unwitting instrument of Toni's undoing

Journey's End is still making a fortune, not because it is about the last war but because it is very good. Other war plays that have been produced since did not succeed because they were not very good plays.

The world of variety put on its Sunday, or rather evening, best to welcome the King and Queen to the Palladium on the occasion of the annual performance in aid of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund which Their Majesties have for the last few years graced with their presence.

It was a pleasure to see them, especially the Queen, literally rock with laughter at the merry quips and jibes of those chosen by a discerning management from the talent available, whether British or foreign. The inclusion of foreigners has been criticized in various quarters, but it would have been impossible to put together such a well-varied programme without them. After all more money is earned by British variety artistes over-seas than by foreign artistes in this country. The exchange of talent instils novelty and freshness into a form of entertainment which cannot live without it.

The programme comprised thirteen items, and great care was taken to justify the expression "variety" in their selection. Those appealing to the music-lovers, such as De Groot and Odali Careno, were painstakingly wedged in between acts like Julian Rose, who told us of the misfortunes of the Semites, and Gillie Potter, whose dry humour particularly seemed to appeal to the Queen. The aim also seemed to be to end each half of the programme with a big splash of bright lights, colour, and movement.

Just before the intermission we had a collection of four marvellous dancing acts, which made me decide that if I ever have a son who wishes to become a music-hall artiste, I shall insist on his taking singing lessons. They certainly performed the seemingly impossible, what with the hair-raising way Miss Naldi allowed herself to be thrown about by Messrs. Howell and Harger (they also do this every night in *Here Comes the Bride*), the whirlwind dancing of Chilton and Thomas, the amusing eccentricities of Max Wall who, incidentally, has been snapped up by a musical comedy management, and last but not least, our old friends Nervo and Knox, who did everything but kill themselves in a hilarious way.

George Clarke brought himself and his Baby Austin from the Gaiety to return to his old love, the music-hall, for one brief evening, and caused great merriment, as did Toto (a fine clown but not the immortal Grock), who has not been to England for a considerable time. His performance especially seemed to please the King, who always has been fond of circuses and all the jolly things that go with them.

Will Hay's adventures with a large, bibulous-looking insect had the theatre in an uproar. At one time he caught his foot in the wire, which caused the "property" animal to dart hither and thither, and there was a sigh of relief when he managed to extricate himself without damaging the works. It must have been an anxious moment for him until he found out that everything was in order. The King seemed puzzled by a joke about Wall's Ice Cream, and vainly sought enlightenment. A French gentleman of engaging personality named Gaston Palmer did some funny juggling and we then had Jack Payne and his boy-friends, who had come all the way from the B.B.C. Studios at Savoy Hill to finish up. They unfortunately only had time to do three items.

At the end of the performance all the artistes stood on the stage and sang "God Save the King," accompanied by the audience and the best variety orchestra in the world, the Palladium band. It was certainly a dish fit to set before a King. The cheers as His Majesty left came from the heart.

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON IS SUPERB AS TONI PERELLI: The character seems to live in the memory as a real person. He and Mr. Edgar Wallace's most excellent book are filling Wyndham's at every peformance

EMPIRE DAY in the EMPIRE'S HUB

HER MAJESTY OF MAY: The coronation of little Evelyn Somerford of Old Ford on Empire Day

THE EMPIRE'S BIRTHDAY: A section of the pageant that was the feature of this year's Empire Festival in Hyde Park. Inset above are a few of the 250,000 people that thronged "London's green and gracious heart" to join in the community singing

The Empire Day Festival in Hyde Park was more impressive than ever this year. The crowd was much larger. The enthusiasm was greater. There was community singing, as usual, and a solemn service conducted by the Bishop of London. There was the wonderful green of an English spring. This year, too, there was a pageant. The cockpit of Hyde Park became a natural theatre in which, while the massed bands played and the churches paraded, and the flags were unfurled at the bidding of a maroon which startled all the birds in the Park, there was a background of 500 men and women, youths and maidens, representing all the Empire's Dominions and Dependencies and the four countries of the homeland. The French Ambassador came to see the festival, and went away astounded. There were High Commissioners and men from every part of Britain's mighty realm. It was an afternoon of many emotions. Community singing once more captured a mighty throng. The veterans arrived from Chelsea Hospital, and women who had been nurses in the last war. The Bishop of London led the prayers.

"QUEEN OF THE MAY" IN A REPUBLIC! A very charming scene at a noted girls' school, Tarrytown, New York. America, which has so little pageantry in its public life, has infinitely more than older lands in such semi-official functions as "graduation day" of schools and the meetings of the many "Orders," from the K.K.K. to the B.P.O.E.

SOMEWHERE IN —— KENT: May—both the month and the blossom—is out and clouts are being cast (and rapidly donned again) all over the country. The hawthorn, distinct from the blackthorn, is making a paradise of the hedgerows now

BLOSSOM-TIME in MANY LANDS

IN OLD NIPPON: Plum blossom in the land traditionally of cherry blossom

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

A FLAPPER
One hundred years ago
CATHERINE PENDARVIS'S DIARY, 1830

By MARGARET BOVILL

Fashions contemporary with the beginning of the Pendarvis Diary

Just one hundred years ago Catherine Pendarvis wrote the first words in the yellowing diary which lies before me. She belonged to a well-known West Country family and was born in April, 1811. She was married twice. First at the age of twenty-nine, and again at sixty-five. Catherine was deeply religious, but withal an incorrigible flirt.

During a visit to the Isle of Wight when she was twenty she seems to have attracted many admirers. One of them, whom she alludes to as "ye godless man," said to her more in sorrow than in anger:

"I daresay you are going to be very happy with people who think like *you*, but you should stop with us poor heathen, and try to do *us* some good."

On this Catherine remarks:

"He then wished me good-bye. I did not go out to see him off. He lingered in ye passage and later gave me a *steady* look as he drove past the window. I was then left with Capt. Gordon, and had a very interesting talk while he arranged his fishing rod. He told me all his mind. How he wished to be a Xtian, but feared mixing again in ye world would deaden his feelings. What should he do? I warned him of beginning to think *much* religion needless. 'If thou seek Him he will be fond of thee, but if thou forsake Him, *no!*' He repeated it two or three times and said he hoped to remember it. We lunched and parted."

The gentleman of whom Catherine wrote had just retired from a distinguished career in India. One can imagine, however, when one looks at the picture of the preacher, that she did not find it hard to make converts.

On April 3d, 1830, Catherine wrote:

"I am nineteen years old to-day, and surely hitherto goodness and mercy have followed me. My last birthday text has been fulfilled 'I shall not die but live, and declare ye works of ye Lord.' We dined at ½ 3. After dinner I visited ye blind man and found a Mr. Simms there, in appearance a Jew. He seemed versed in ye scriptures, though I thought wanted humility sadly."

"April 4.—I felt very unwell to-day. Dr. Wynne came and says that mine is ye mumps. Although I cannot eat still let Jesus be my food, and let him sustain me."

One day Catherine went to read to an old man who had two unruly sons.

June 3.—"While I was reading to Azariah," she says, "I was called to separate William and Thomas who were fighting—being drunk. I did so, and talked to them. After 3-quarters of an hour William fell on his knees, but when I had left ye house they began again."

June 4.—"Went to talk to Thomas again. He seemed dulled and hardened, but they were both at church. I went quietly to bed, and so did William." (Where was Thomas?) "O awful day!"

June 4.—"Sir Henry and Lady Leighton came to tea, and her sister. He is a little thin man with bright eyes, scanty black hair, and a very douce expression. She is a large unladylike woman, vulgar but silent. They told us of ye masculine ghost"—it is sad that no details are given of this interesting spectre—"Lady Leighton's sister was rouged and highly painted, like herself. She kissed me vehemently. I took her into ye garden down Millennium walk, and gave her flowers and a text. She said she had not found Xt. 'All I want to make me happy,' she said, 'is a bit of pie.'"

Many pages of the diary are filled with the account of a love affair concerning a Mr. North. Unfortunately he was a married man. Catherine's mamma sent her to friends in Scotland to forget him. She describes the journey by boat.

August 1.—"A stormy night. Sent up some tracts to the sailors. After breakfast felt better. *Cheese and Porter.* Colonel McPherson met me, a Mrs. Smith with him whose husband supported Nelson when he died. He being the medical man."

A fresh troop of admirers now surrounded the diarist, but she would have none of them.

August 20.—"I told Dr. C. I would not drive with him, but he *made* me get up on ye front seat. He said, 'If we do not meet again till eternity you will remember *this* drive!' I felt odd. We met Lady Chisholm, a bustling little old lady—rather a cast in ye eye. Miss Chisholm large, black hair, rather cold."

August 29.—"Left for Inverness. My only companions in coach, Viscount Cantaloupe and an officer in ye Life Guards. Wd have been too attentive. Made them angry by not speaking."

A loose page in the diary, folded carefully—as if too precious to throw away—contains some exhortations from a gentleman, evidently Catherine's senior.

"Your handshake is too warm for everyone," he tells her, "but don't alter your manner to *Me*. Be shyer of men. You have too great openness. Keep Alec at a distance. He loves you. Many a boy of his age pines away from love. You must love *me*—as a father—and take my advice. Adieu, dear Catherine."

CATHERINE AUGUSTA PENDARVIS: Born April 3, 1811; first at the age of twenty-nine and again at the ripe age of sixty-five. She was an incorrigible flirt, unofficial evangelist, devastating critic, and delicious diarist

A FLAPPER OF TO-DAY
MISS ANNIE BODIE'S DIARY, 1930

May 26.—Woke feeling rotten. Arranged about my Ascot frock. Decided against the virgin cream, which Mums thought suitable, and chose black. Thinking of taking up a profession—not too overcrowded. Am told they don't exist. Had an idea. A school for mothers, staffed by daughters. Told Guy as a joke, who said, seriously, there was something in it—run on kindergarten lines. Drew up a prog. of don'ts. (First) "D't ape your youngsters." (Fear Mums is hardened in youthfulness.) Read General Crozier's book lying in bed—ancient history. *Too* sick-making.

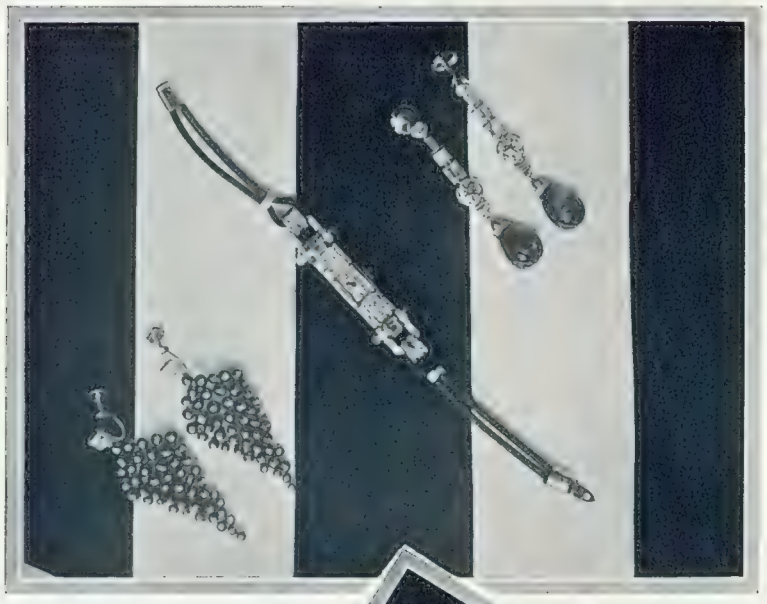
May 27.—Fearful family scene. Mums and Dad. Some old fool had seen me at the Berkeley with Bobby—who was *holding my hand!* Did I know his reputation? . . . . a married man, a girl's good name. . . . . Seemed to think I was my great-grandmother! Went on smiling till I feared Dad would burst—he *won't* exercise. Told him not to worry and kissed his head. Must tell Bobby's wife. She'll scream!

May 28.—Am I in love? Rather fancy so. Marriage may put me right, but *such* a bore. Must ask Jimbo if it's worth the risk. Got an uplift feeling in my forehead. Rather becoming. Met a girl who works. She's a secretary to something. Says it's pretty hefty toil, and he treats her like *dirt!* Might be worth trying. Think of learning to type. Sat next a Scottish Labour M.P. at dinner and asked him why they disliked our class. He glared, and burbled about his For-B-e-a-r-r-s! I was terrifically highbrow—said mine was the public executioner—till he changed rôles. Am sure they *do* dislike us.

May 29.—Uplift feeling gone, due to Jimbo's kissing me when I'd toothache last night. He quite saw it, and said he knew his vibrations are not in tune with mine; suggested my marrying Harry K. Asking him to skate at the Grosvenor to-morrow with a party. Jimbo very decent, and coming too.

May 30. — Woke up feeling wretched again. What is wrong? Life's pretty bogus. Anyway, who *cares?*

The ROMANCE of JEWELS



The minutest platinum and diamond watch-bracelet, pear-shaped ear-rings of rubies and diamonds and drop ear-rings of diamonds and emeralds, from William Ogden of King Street, St. James

The ring is a large single-stone square-cut diamond and, the bracelet is of modern design. From Mauboussin, Old Bond Street

An exquisite diamond bracelet from the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

Wilson and Gill of Regent Street offer an attractive selection of diamond and platinum watches of all manner of shapes and sizes. The graduated pearl necklace is also supplied by this firm

So old is the desire implanted in the heart of woman—and of man (though I give the ladies pride of place)—for personal adornment that it is beyond the power of any living being to say when the love of jewellery in some form did not exist. If ever a birth was "wrapped in mystery" it is this.

From the Bronze and early Iron Ages we have preserved to us finger-rings, brooches, buckles, and horse furniture, the later specimens studded with enamels and often of beaten gold. To the Gauls especially, and to the early races of equatorial America, we are indebted for torques or necklaces of twisted gold.

The yield from the tombs of Egypt has proved the widespread popularity of the arts of personal adornment in ancient times. Cloisonné enamelling was in vogue in Egypt as early as the twelfth dynasty. Persia and China were familiar with it at an early date, and the knowledge of the craft spread through Byzantium to Western Europe in the V century. Crystal, lapis-lazuli, gold and silver and bronze ornaments, and figures of gods and sacred animals, of fruits and flowers, have been found in profusion. And here we must remind ourselves that not only were these articles worn as decorations, but from the earliest times were prized as talismans or charms possessed with a magical potency to ward off evil or to protect from disease, to induce love or hatred, and to facilitate childbirth. If science scouts such beneficent influence nowadays the belief is not by any means extinct, for we most of us still value our "mascots."

Jewellery has always held a place of honour among gifts, honouring both the giver and the receiver. In the earliest record in the Bible, when Isaac met Rebekah he placed upon her "a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight and two bracelets."

The Greeks had golden pins for the hair and for supporting garments; ear-rings, necklaces, and finger-rings. Bracelets representing coiled snakes curved about the upper arm. From Rhodes, Mycenæ, and Etruria we have pins and fibulæ, necklaces of gold, and beads of amethyst, of agate, of carnation, and of crystal. So beautiful is the workmanship of many of these that they are still being copied to-day, and during the latter half of the nineteenth century the Italian jewellers, Castellani of Rome and Guiliano of London, revived many of the most elaborate forms in granulated gold set with turquoises, with astonishing skill and success.

Great artists have been pressed into the service of the jeweller's craft. In England classical forms derived from the architecture and furniture of the period found favour and continued throughout Stuart times. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the French taste supervened, and jewellers indulged in a regular riot of rococo forms of scrolls and shells, of embracing lovers, and cupids swinging amid clusters of fruit and flowers. Later came the fashion for copies of antique gems and motives from Greece and Rome. Tiny Wedgwood plaques were set in brooches and pendants, bracelets, and even finger-rings and ear-rings. Jewels for men were again in vogue. Fobs with heavy seals, rings, studs and scarf-pins, snuff-boxes and lorgnettes were revived. Chatelaines were carried by members of both sexes.

Modern jewellers show extraordinary skill and inventiveness in their settings of precious stones. Many will prepare and submit original designs for transforming out-of-date jewellery into new fashions. Some of these modernist patterns are miracles of ingenuity. There is evidence of a great interest in the newer forms of this age-long craft. It is showing a new and vigorous life worthy of its past.

H.G.F.

JEWELLERY *for the Chic Woman*

(1) A necklace of jade with a drop pendant also of jade, comes from Liberty of Regent Street.

(2) A three-row graduated pearl necklace is designed by Elkington of Regent Street.

(3) This attractive necklace consists of large coral-pink beads interspersed with spiked steel ones. From Harvey Nichols's, Knightsbridge.

(4) A modern diamond brooch set in platinum. From Mappin and Webb of Oxford Street.

(5) In various colours large and smaller "beaded" beads make an originial necklace. From Marshall and Snellgrove, Oxford Street.

(6) This jade bangle matches the necklace above, and also comes from Liberty of Regent Street.

(7) A distinguished bracelet displaying to advantage the modern baguette diamonds, from Mappin and Webb of Oxford Street.

Peter North

Above are illustrated some typical examples of modern jewellery which the smart woman is wearing to-day. These jewels might be worn with such a frock as is shown in the illustration—an evening-frock designed by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge and carried out in fine silk net

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—(continued)

BEAUTY and UTILITY in Silver

By VIOLET KING

BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF LINE: This genuine George III silver tea-set and salver come from James Ogden of Duke Street, St. James's

EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP AND GRACE is shown in the articles by Georg Jensen of New Bond Street illustrated above. This silverware has a particularly attractive finish, as the surface is dull and the hammer marks are left

There are many interesting legends about old silver—and many more interesting truths. One also finds quaint inscriptions on old silver, and gathers it was created for the child "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," for these ancient pieces are usually very beautiful. It is said in old books that "hot mulled wine, drunk from a golden chalice has an added savour," and most of us know that crushed strawberries, taken out of an old silver spoon, are more beautiful in flavour.

It is a very regrettable fact that so much of our antique silver vanished into the melting pot—the Wars of the Roses being responsible for the melting down of much magnificent silver. Yet there are many examples of the Medieval period in Church and Corporation plate still treasured in the museums, and which are of great intrinsic value.

There are two of the most superb pieces of plate in the City of London, enriched with plaques of Flötner figures—a German whose very marvellous designs attracted so much of the Tudor silversmiths' attention. Spoons, from very early times seem to have created interest—one finds even Egyptian spoons of slate, flint, wood, and ivory in the British Museum. Ancient silver spoons, unlike antique furniture and pictures, can be very quickly authenticated.

In the olden days kings, queens, princes, nobles, and the very wealthy, for centuries, carried folding spoons about with them on their travels, and guests, when invited to a feast, took with them their silver spoons.

There are so many interesting periods where spoons were of various shapes and forms that it would be impossible to touch upon them all, but to-day the Queen Anne Rat-tail spoon finds much favour with connoisseurs. Some of these were "pricked on the handle, possibly to commemorate a marriage."

Old Whistling Tankards, used also in Queen Anne's reign, are interesting. The whistle was for calling the attendant in inns to refill the mug. These old drinking-vessels were used in the homes of people who could afford to use silver, and to-day one rarely meets the sportsman who does not love a silver tankard. Silver creates an atmosphere of its own, and it is certainly a safe thing to give for a present either to man, woman, or child.

Gold or silver is supposed to be the fittest representative of wealth both in ancient and modern times, and nowadays one finds contemporary pieces of silver and gold equally as beautiful as the antique. Pieces of either are the most popular form of christening or wedding presents, and are suitable for all kinds of state occasions where gifts are chosen. One can safely say the love of silver is a universal one.

When in doubt as to what to give for a wedding or birthday present, there can be no mistake as to the welcome of an article of silver.

From the elaborately designed candelabrum in wrought and chiselled silver, to the smallest sardine-box, one can find a wide selection which combines both beauty and utility. Before choosing a gift it is well to be certain of the period of the furniture, and see that they are both the same. Naturally, one chooses Georgian silver to go with Georgian furniture.

The art of the modern craftsman is shown in some of the examples illustrated on this page. For the most part modern silver is unornamented and form plays a big part in its creation. There are pieces with a highly polished surface, and others are left with their hammer marks.

Some of the foremost silversmiths, such as Georg Jensen and Pinforcat, are entirely original in their designs; others go back a little for their inspiration, but they all have definitely succeeded in creating pieces of work which mark them as masters of their craft, for they produce specimens of perfect workmanship and design.

To-day we can find silver gifts for almost every mood—dignified and gay. There are cocktail-shakers, quaint-shaped mazers of ebony and mounted in silver, reminding one of other days; and dainty asparagus dishes, sauce boats, entrée dishes, some exquisite fruit bowls, cut-glass whisky barrels with silver mounts, silver tea-caddies, strawberry-and-cream sets, and black coffee sets which can also be used for cocktail glasses. Indeed, so large is the variety that selection becomes increasingly difficult day by day.

BY A DANISH MASTER: A glorious candelabra which was designed by Georg Jensen of New Bond Street

VERY ATTRACTIVE is this modern silver tea-set and the latest idea in cocktail-shakers (above) which come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Regent Street

The ZOO'S RURAL HOME TAKES SHAPE

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Whipsnade Enclosure : : Lady Gardeners in the Making : : An Archaeological Mystery

THE AIRY FENCE: A portion of the barbed-wire entanglement that guards the 700 acres of land which form the Zoo enclosure in the district between Tring and Luton. Five miles of wire is used to hem in the area

"DUKE'S AVENUE": A large army of the unemployed are now engaged on laying a new road and widening an old one in the Zoo's new rural enclosure. The greatest secrecy is being preserved, not for fear of "spies" but because the authorities believe that the "surprise" will be of value to the institution

SOON TO BE INHABITED BY ROAMING PACKS OF WOLVES: One corner of the charming "natural" surroundings in which denizens of the Zoo will, with as much freedom as is compatible with safety, be permitted to wander

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL MYSTERY: Miss Lily Pond, of Four Oaks, Warwickshire, with a couple of curiously marked stones she discovered off Watling Street at Great Wyrley. The one on the right certainly suggests prehistoric work. Their purpose may have been mystical.

LADY GARDENERS IN THE MAKING: Instructional classes are now in full swing at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, where a number of ladies are taking courses in horticulture, ultimately to acquire posts as gardeners of various types at home and abroad. One such enthusiast is seen above wielding the shears

Under cover of the greatest secrecy and in an atmosphere reminiscent of a naval dockyard in war time, the new country zoo at Whipsnade is taking shape. Walking from the village towards the new Zoo country, one is first struck with the efforts being made to keep all new buildings in harmony with the surrounding architecture. The keepers' cottages, although new, are as much like the village homes as possible, the refreshment rooms are transformed farm buildings and the very fences are made to look as little like fences as possible. The first thing to be seen is the bird sanctuary on the corner of Whipsnade Common. This is a charming wood of about seven acres in extent, where every type of British bird comes in the spring, hopefully and with complete faith, to the nesting boxes which can be seen cunningly concealed among the branches

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A Holiday on A ROCKY ISLAND.

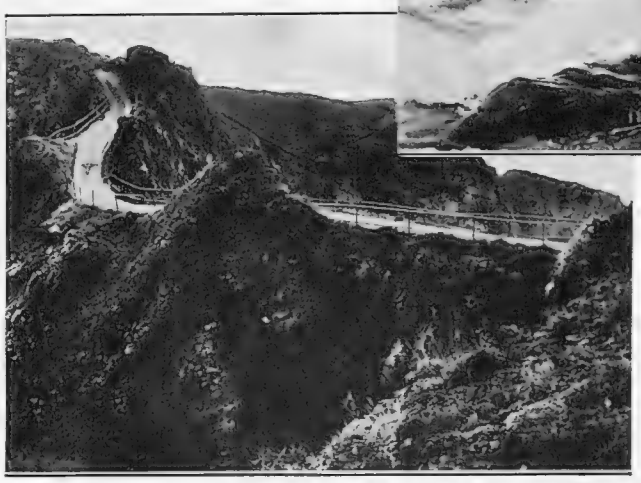
The Many Charms of SARK

By F. H. WARREN

Sark is not in the South Pacific, the Indies, or the Ægean Sea. For the benefit of those who have shed their geography, it is a Channel Island nine miles east of Guernsey, fifteen north-north-west of Jersey, twenty-five miles from Manche, and a night's run from Southampton. It is three-and-a-half miles long, from six feet to one-and-a-half miles wide, and looks from the sea out of Guernsey like a grim, barren rock which none but the feet of pirates ever trod.

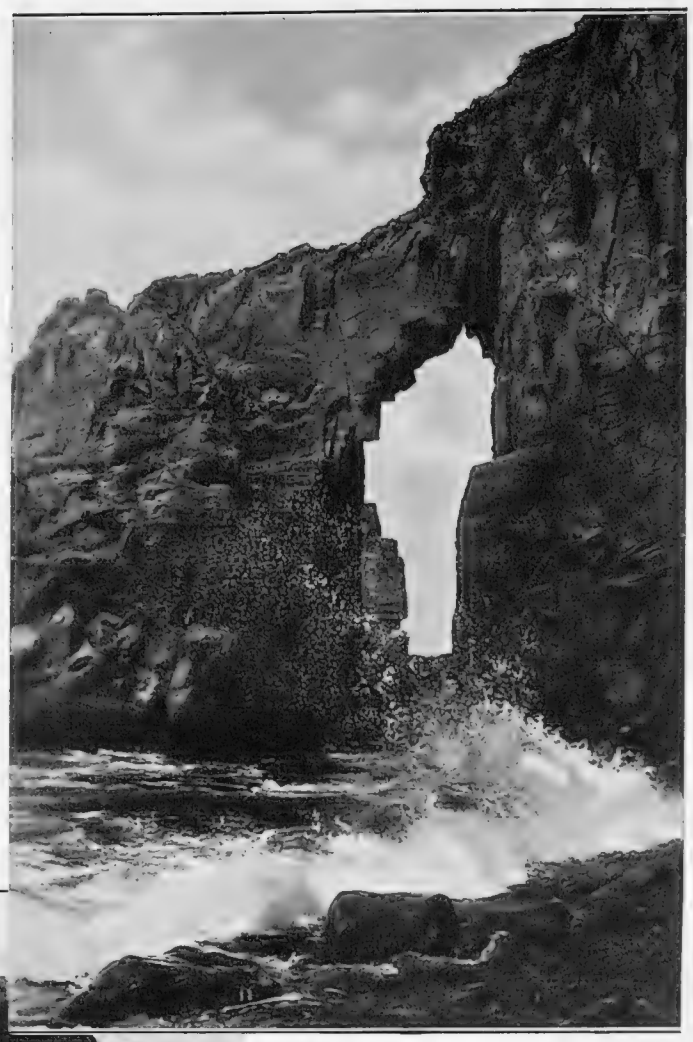
Sark then as a holiday resort, as a place to which to devote precious weeks of your life in the summer? Emphatically, yes. And this, without calling it the "Pearl of the Silver Sea" or "Gem of the Channel Isles"! It is a small earthly paradise. That will do.

The present writer, seeing something of the earth in all its continents, a cold-hearted, thick-headed observer in fact, is not given to hysterical description. But assuming a man will forgo picture-houses and an esplanade, pier concerts, bathing and automatic machines, chocolate and newspaper kiosks, and the sight of a thousand families running amok on the beach, he will use this word "paradise" as I use it, and mean it as much. We do not boast, in Sark, of our four hundred human souls inhabiting a sea-bound village, of our less than a hundred houses, of our creaming and foaming sea, of our shooting stars, of self-government, of a language or *patois* of our own ("Norman-French," forsooth!), of caverns and arches and rainbow coves hewn by nature in a drunken ecstasy, or of our coast-line so fantastically cragged and indented that, negotiating every bay and minor crevice, you travel full forty miles to compass the island. We are calm about our braes and valleys, woods, tree fuchsias, cottage fronts of pink geranium and yellow rose, our eight-feet hydrangea bushes, and rhubarb like the "umbrellas" of African chiefs, about our fern-clad banks, winter-flowering gorse, purple heather, our acres of bracken and furze, and all the beauties of Scotland packed into two-and-a-half square miles with a dash of South Europe in them. And we make light of the intense clarity of the atmosphere, the extra four degrees of temperature we can show over England at any time. We boast not, and are calm. But visitors rave, stay crazy, and come again. And Sark will accommodate four hundred of these at a time, and "do" them well.



CLEFT IN THE ROCKY ISLE OF SARK: La Coupée, an attractive road that runs through the hilly contours of the smallest of the four great Channel Islands

Space forbids more description. Panegyrics threaten. Sufficient let it be for the holiday-maker that he will find no bathing and fishing to equal this island's for charm and solace and diversity. The smallest harbour in the world offers boats at any hour of the day—and expert sailors—to bear him to neighbouring islets or round Sark itself, and show him, not the sea merely, or the fish merely, but the soul of seafaring, bred-in-the-bone, primitive, unchanged and unchangeable. He will find the weather accountable, it copies neither France nor England, follows its own benigner course and brews its own gales and sunshine as it lists. Four hotels are here for the visitor's choice at a tariff ranging from nine to fourteen shillings inclusive per day. These are the Bel Air, Stock's, the Dixcart, and, in Petit Sark, the Bungalow. A score of boarding-houses and apartments—modest, efficient, and cleanly—are also available.



WROUGHT BY NATURE'S HAND: A natural arch fretted in the rock at Port du Moulin, Sark

But, alas! The amusements! If you cannot find contentment here in richer bathing, some tennis, natural beauties utterly unspoiled, in climbing, researching, picnicking, philandering in these marvellous coves and caves, getting bronzed and fit with sheer exercise (we have *no* motor-cars, hacks it is, or the feet God gave you), in these things and in the possession of a quite stupendous appetite three times a day then there is little to attract you to Sark. If a gay crowd (four hundred strong) of people so particular that they would shudder at sight, on holiday, of a real shop, of a real beach, of a motor-car or a bathing-tent—if a crowd that laughs all day for sheer perfection of spirits and resembles a yachting fraternity at its best, can't please you without the formal concomitants of seaside holidays as you find them, mostly, in England, then you will do well not to forsake the known bent and the old, old way.

Sark attracts by its simple life, by its innocence of all the mechanical pleasures. Nobody on holiday here ever yawned; there is too much of the really health-giving things to do. It offers a life so utterly its own that the remotest foreign part could not fill you so fully with the sense of refreshment when your holiday is done. Come to Sark then for a *change* if you are able and have never been. You shall poise yourself on the 6-ft.-wide ridge of La Coupée, where Grand Sark is joined to Petit Sark; hear the roar of waters 300 ft. below you, think of the school-children who crawl so perilously in a gale along this narrow, unfenced eminence to achieve their education, and there settle your differences with an urban civilization.

A PENDANT ISLAND: The Isle of Brechon, Sark, a rocky eyot off the coast of the fourth of the well-known relics of our French possessions

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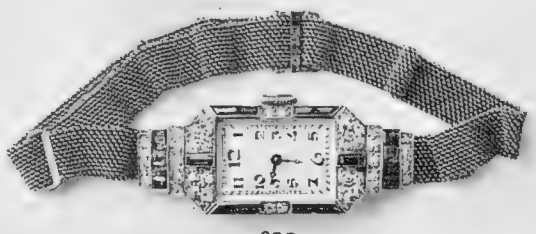

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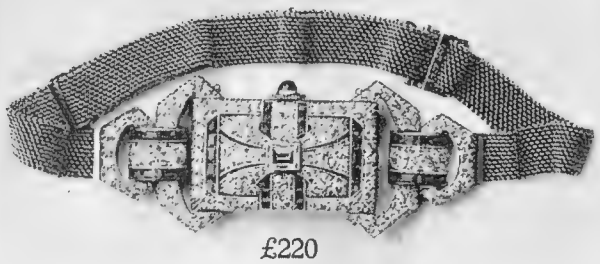

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"INFELIX AUSTRIA": The late Emperor Carl, the ex-Empress Zita, and their children

The CURSE on AUSTRIA'S CROWN JEWELS.

A correspondent of "The Sphere" writes of the tradition that when the Crown jewels of the Habsburgs leave Vienna disaster shall surely follow in their train

The vivid description of an old gentleman of the Austrian Court who had been present on that terrible night when the young Emperor Charles left Austria is still fresh in my memory.

"There was the famous Florentine Diamond, a masterpiece of polygon cutting, radiating an eerie, almost threatening, light. There was the priceless Star of the Order of Maria Theresa composed entirely of huge brilliants which had been worn by the old Emperor Francis Joseph. There was the Major Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, the stones of which alone were worth a rich province and which had been worn by Austria's greatest soldier, Field-Marshal Radetsky; and there was the mysterious decoration of the Golden Fleece which was put into the cradle of all Arch-Dukes at their birth.

"But I was magnetically attracted by the gorgeous diamond crown of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth, which almost blinded me with its brilliance. The Emperor Charles, with a fixed stare, was aimlessly picking at these invaluable heirlooms. Then suddenly he broke down, burying his head in the treasures. It was a much-scorned tradition at the Austrian Court that these jewels must never be removed from Vienna, nay, that it would even be better to let them rest in the Schatz Kammer of the Imperial Castle.

"Poor Charles, however, could could not afford to leave the treasure behind!"

There must be some reasons for the superstition which created the belief in a curse on the Crown jewels. How could the extraordinarily tragic events connected with them otherwise be explained!

The realizable value of the jewels at a conservative estimate, excluding Elizabeth's crown, must have been at least a million pounds sterling. Although the Emperor had taken about another million pounds' worth of securities and cash with him he was soon in financial difficulties. There were two reasons for this. One, the upkeep of his huge and extravagant establishment, and the other the rapid devaluation of Austrian money. Thus Charles was soon forced to sell the gems. The Baron of Steiner, the former Austrian Consul in Switzerland, was entrusted with this difficult and responsible task. A special concern, the Perlesco Company, was established at Berne, with a Frankfort and a Paris jeweller participating, for the sole purpose of disposing of the Crown jewels.

But the curse seems to have worked. The Emperor was very unfortunate in the very choice of the man who disposed of the jewels at ridiculous prices, making, however, considerable illegitimate profits for himself. Altogether the Emperor received about one-fifth of their minimum value for the jewels, and even these few hundred thousand pounds were soon eaten up by keeping Court in expensive style in Switzerland and by supporting numerous members of the Habsburg family.

With the exception of the diamond crown of Elizabeth, from which the Emperor could not part, the jewels were scattered all over the world, but most of them adorn the jewel collections of American millionaires. The Emperor started criminal proceedings against Baron Steiner as soon as he realized how he had been defrauded, but died before the case came on.

One of Steiner's partners committed suicide, and the Baron himself did not enjoy the fruits of his ill-gotten gains. In one night at Monte Carlo his beloved only daughter gambled away as much as he had made and as much as he had ever possessed. He became as poor as a beggar, and was nearly driven mad. The Emperor's executors stopped the proceedings against him as there was nothing to be recovered and nothing to be gained by a scandal.

Recently the news has come from Spain that the Empress Zita, surely one of the most tragic figures of history, has been forced to order the break-up of Elizabeth's crown, the last precious piece of the Crown jewels, and to sell those many single stones of it, every one of which has a history of its own, in order to pay for the education of her six young and fatherless children. Thus closes the history of a treasure which was amongst the most remarkable and most valuable in the world.—P. Q.

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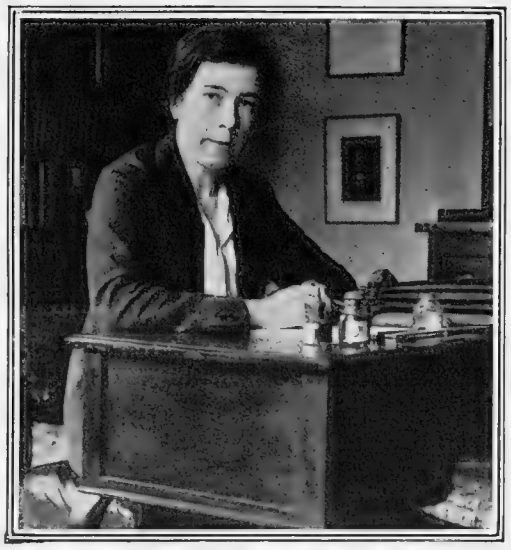
A LAST LOOK ROUND

The Late News of the Week in Pictures

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY'S JUBILEE: Dr. Hetherington (Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool), Dr. H. Moberly (Vice-Chancellor of Manchester), Lord Crawford (Chancellor of Manchester), and Dr. Baillie (Vice-Chancellor of Leeds)



A FEMININE MILESTONE: Dr. Lillian M. Penson, Ph.D., B.A. (London), who has been appointed to the Chair of Modern History at Bedford College—a great triumph for womanhood

The progress of Woman proceeds apace. In all branches of life hitherto regarded as exclusively masculine, the female of the species is, if not more deadly, at least as efficient as the male. The latest example of feminine conquest is in the world of pedagogy. Dr. Lillian Penson, Ph.D., B.A., F.R.Hist.S., has just been appointed to a professorship at Bedford College—taking the Chair of Modern History. In view of this fact, and Amy Johnson's flight, feminists the world over must be highly delighted

RESTORED TO HEALTH: Lord Byng of Vimy, with Lady Byng, returns to his house in Bryanston Square and his duties at Scotland Yard after his health cruise to South Africa

THE CALL—AND THE ANSWER—OF THE FAITHFUL: Pilgrims to Lourdes, the great thaumaturgic shrine of the Roman Church, which has to its credit more cures than any similar institution, kneel in Victoria Station to receive a blessing before starting on their journey. It is not only the sick and the crippled that make the pilgrimage, although in the popular mind Lourdes is known only as a magic place of miraculous cures

FINE WEATHER FOR — FLOWERS: Chelsea's famous flower show—the Royal Horticultural—was marred by rain, though many enthusiasts armed with umbrellas were present. The flowers probably enjoyed it!

"A CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD": The British Ambassador in France, Lord Tyrrel, unveils the memorial in La Touret Military Cemetery to the officers and men missing in the battles of Loos and La Bassee. The imposing memorial is seen above

ROYAL SPORT: Prince and Princess Takamatsu, who are *en route* for Europe, where they will visit the King and Queen, while away the hours on board the *Kashima Maru* by playing deck quoits

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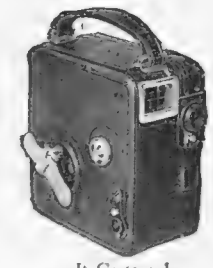

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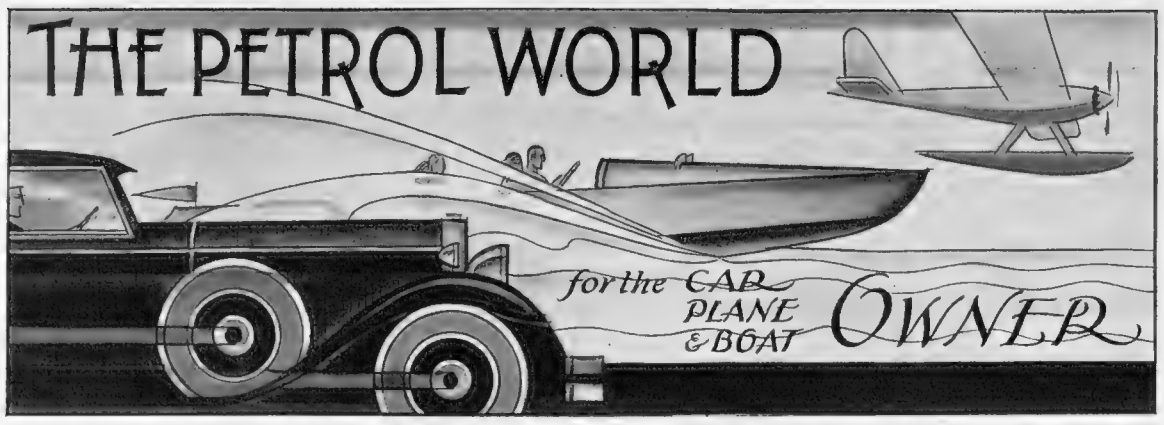


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE WHITSUN EXODUS.—In a week's time the long-looked-for Whitsun holiday will be with us. Some people may suppose that Easter is the greatest of all road holidays, but I am of the opinion, provided that the weather is at all kind, that Whitsun is a greater motoring festival. The reason, of course, is that the countryside is looking at its best, the leaves are out, the hedges have put on growth, in fact the whole landscape is changed with the freshness of spring green. No one has far to go to ensure being in the midst of pleasant surroundings. Certain beauty-spots will, of course, attract their thousands of admirers, but even the most uninteresting pieces of country assume a mantle of loveliness at this time of the year.

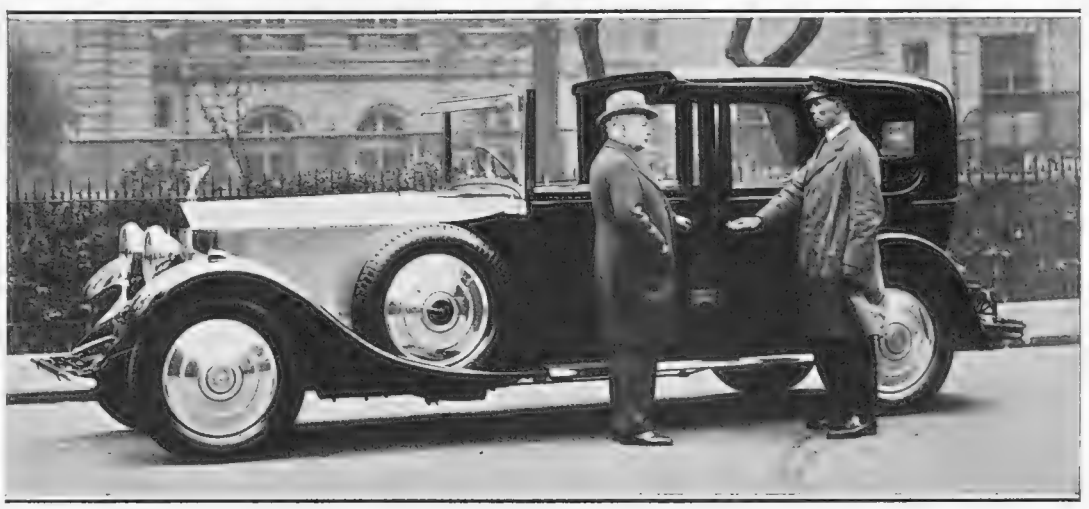
In view of the fact that the Easter holidays were completely spoilt by rain, the exodus from our large towns and cities at Whitsuntide is bound to be far greater than usual. Unfortunately the popularity of our roads seems to make accidents inevitable, and although I have preached year after year the gospel of "safety first" I feel I would be lacking in my duty were I not to return to the subject once again. We are always hearing, and we have had a large dose of it during the last month or so, that speed is the chief factor that contributes towards accidents. Probably certain sections of the lay Press will disagree with me when I suggest that the slow-moving vehicle in circumstances such as rule at holiday time is far more dangerous than a car travelling at 40 m.p.h. on a road fairly free from traffic.

THE DANGEROUS "SNAIL."—Anyone who turns himself or herself into an observer on any of our great arterial roads at Whitsuntide will notice that wherever there is a long queue of vehicles it will be found that the leader is probably trickling along at 15 m.p.h., or even at a lower speed. Owing to the traffic coming in the opposite direction those following behind this "snail" are unable to overtake, with the result that cars pile up behind and the position becomes full of danger. Some driver—unable to curb his impatience—pulls out from the line of cars, stamps on his accelerator, and makes a bid for freedom. If he is not a careful motorist he may start this manœuvre too close to a corner, cross-road, or a hump-back bridge, with the result that some oncoming car gets in his way. He is unable to regain his former position and, unless the situation is skilfully handled and brakes are good, a crash will occur. The leisurely one at the head of the queue will probably be quite unaware of the part he has played in the crash. He will blame everyone whilst he himself sits on a seat of innocence, but I would like to point out quite clearly that he and his like are the direct creators of the position.

Someone may ask me how are they to know whether the speed at which they are travelling is too slow. There is one sure guide, namely, look ahead to see if there is anyone directly in front, then find out if there are more than two or three cars following close behind, and if that is the case and there is no one in front, then it is fairly certain that the speed is too slow.

DO UNTO OTHERS . . .—I do not desire to throw all the blame for a crash such as I have detailed on the slow driver, because the man who pulls out should curb his impatience. When the driver decides to leave the queue in order to get ahead, before doing so he should satisfy himself that he has ample time to regain the proper side of the road before any oncoming traffic is encountered. Frequently it is my lot at holiday time to drive, as it were, against the stream and on each occasion my experience becomes less pleasant. Without a word of warning some idiot will leave his place and bear straight down on me. In fact, driving in such conditions is a real nightmare. No excuse can be put forward for such hoggishness and I do not suppose that any words of mine or the advice of every right-thinking motorist in the country will ever banish this risk from the road.

Another danger which is all too prominent at holiday-time is the one arising from the badly-parked motor-car. Drivers sometimes more frequently than is pleasant will leave their cars on the side of the road causing a definite obstruction. If a stop must be made and it is not possible to pull on to the grass or side of the road, then make certain that the traffic in both directions can see the stationary car long before they come to it. Never park close to a corner, a road-junction, or a bridge where the view ahead is in any way obstructed.



The Choice of an Expert: Sir Charles Higham, the Advertising and Publicity Expert, takes delivery of his new Phantom II Rolls-Royce fitted with a Thrupp and Maberly limousine de ville body with sliding extension

THE IMPORTANCE OF SIGNALS.—As a last word of warning do not brake suddenly unless it is essential, and do not divert from the course being followed without giving due warning. This naturally leads me on to the question of signals.

A large number of motorists are under the impression that by simply putting out their hands they can pull to the right with impunity. Hand-signals, even when given correctly, are not intended to have the same force as if given by a uniformed policeman. If a driver wishes to turn to the right or to pull out from a line of vehicles he should only do so after having seen that there is no other overtaking car coming up behind him. It is not reasonable to expect people on faster cars who desire to overtake to pull up suddenly because someone sticks out his hand with the intention of stopping them.

As a general rule, which I think covers every conceivable situation, drive your car in such a way that its presence on the road does not inconvenience any other road user. I can assure new motorists that they will only gain a few seconds if they drive like a Jehu instead of driving in a more or less sedate manner. It has been proved time after time that the advantage gained is infinitesimal when compared with the risks run.

I would, too, implore all motorists to be particularly careful not to damage any property such as pulling up trees or breaking off branches and to be certain not to leave any litter about, not only in their own interests but in the interest of others. Again the difficulty which motorists now encounter in finding a suitable place in which to picnic has been caused through the inconsiderate manner in which their fellow motorists used the once popular commons for picnic purposes.

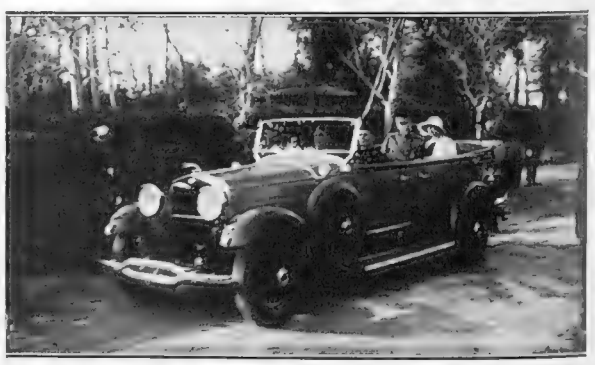
A VALUE-FOR-MONEY CAR.—Recently I had an opportunity, during a week-end, of testing one of the latest examples of the Singer Light Six. This particular model is a new production which made its first appearance in public at the Olympia Show last year. It is built low, and with its wide track must be considered a very safe motor-car. The particular car placed at my disposal was a saloon which provided ample seating accommodation for five people all of whom were afforded generous leg room, the front seats being remarkably comfortable and adjustable. They appeared to have been designed to give arm-chair comfort without imparting any tiredness which might be expected to result from a reclining angle. The coachwork was all-metal and the car was finished in dual tones, picked out by a neat line. The mud wings were particularly sturdy, and appeared to be solidly made in a manner which is not usually associated with a cheap car. They were domed in shape and certainly added to the nice appearance which the car possessed. Four doors were provided, and as these were amply wide there was no difficulty in getting in or out. All fittings, both inside and outside were in chromium plate, the front screen was Triplex plate-glass, the side windows being of Triplex sheet-glass. All windows were adjustable by means of winding handles which were commendably geared high, but at the same time easy to operate. The equipment was very complete, and included electric and bulb horns, clock, speedometer, petrol gauge, and suction screen wiper.

SPECIFICATION.—Coming now to the mechanical parts I would like to make particular comment on the very smooth-running engine, the crankshaft of which revolves on four bearings. Its performance on top was excellent, and it carried the car along at a comfortable speed without any trace of a vibration period. The catalogue informed me that the maximum speed was 55 m.p.h., but according to the speedometer I was able to obtain 65 m.p.h., so that the claims of the makers appear to be somewhat modest. The gear-box, which is controlled by a centrally-placed lever, provides three forward speeds in addition to the usual reverse. The second gear was not called upon to operate to any great extent, but it was possible to get along at 35 m.p.h. when it was in use. The brakes, operated by a suction servo were really excellent, and the hand-brake was a distinct service for parking purposes. The suspension left nothing to be desired, thus adding to the comfort of the occupants. The transmission was good on top gear, but on the other ratios the noise was just a little above the average. I noticed particularly that the car was unusually pleasant when it was over-running the engine. I was unable to obtain any useful figures regarding petrol consumption, but I do know that a tankful seemed to last a long time, and all my running during the week-end was covered without replenishment. The price of this Light Six saloon de luxe is £290, which is a very moderate figure for such a high-class car with so many refinements and with such a complete equipment. It is in short ahead of the usual standard of excellence that has for a long time been associated with Singer products.

THE A.A.A. REPORT.—So much has been written regarding Mr. Kaye Don's recent attempt on

(Continued on following page)

A Petrol Magnate of the Orient: Mr. Sultan Chinoy, who introduced Shell petrol in India, has concluded an agreement with Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., for the sale of Willys cars in India. He is seen above with one of their latest model saloons



Fit for any King: During their recent visit to Egypt, Their Majesties the King and Queen of Belgium had at their disposal a fleet of Lincoln cars, in one of which they drove through the Antoniades Gardens, Alexandria, where they were the guests of the municipality at tea

AN OLD FAVOURITE WILL SOON BE BACK

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The PETROL WORLD

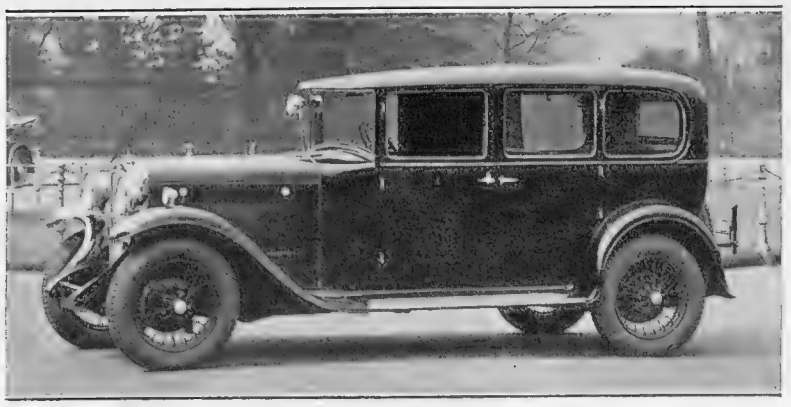
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the World's Land Speed Record that motorists in this country have found it exceedingly difficult to know what actually happened. The R.A.C., like everybody else, were somewhat bewildered, and very wisely communicated with the Contest Board of the Automobile Association of America. Our governing body has just received a reply to their inquiries, extracts from which make interesting reading. I would add that the A.A.A. is the governing body of automobile sport in America, and their Contest Board was responsible in seeing that the regulations covering such an attempt were properly carried out. This is what Mr. W. D. Ederburn, the chief steward in charge of the attempt, writes in his report :

"The Sunbeam 'Silver Bullet,' entered and driven by Kaye Don, attempted to lower the World's Straightaway Record for unlimited class cars, over several recognised distances from one kilometre to five miles. The car displaced 2,933 cubic in. in piston space, having a 5½-in. bore and 5⅛ in. stroke, and weighed 10,080 lb. Mr. Don was unsuccessful in lowering the record, and after making twenty-two one-way trips over the nine-mile course for a total driving distance of 198 miles, over a beach that was at no time in condition for a record run, he arrived at the decision which was concurred in by the city officials and A.A.A. officials, that inasmuch as the beach evidently would not afford suitable conditions for a record run until some time between December and February, it was obviously necessary to postpone further trials until a date within that period. Further attempts at this time were cancelled and the 'Silver Bullet' shipped back to England. . . ."

"It is very unfortunate that a combination of circumstances prevented Mr. Don from achieving his purpose in coming to America. At no time during the trial period of the 'Silver Bullet' has the beach course offered an opportunity to make a serious attempt to drive the car at a speed in excess of 231 m.p.h. which is necessary to break the record. I believe that had the trial period been given a date in January or February the beach would have offered every opportunity for a record-breaking run."



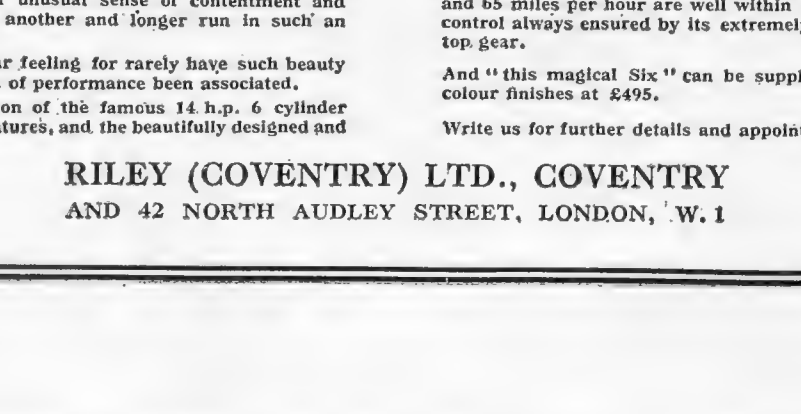
The Car with a Purdah Curtain: A Hillmann Straight Eight recently supplied by Rootes, Ltd., to Sheikh Hamid Ben Esa of Alkhalifa. The car is fitted with a purdah curtain to conform with the principles of the Muhammadan religion

"UNDER FULL CONTROL." —"There has been some doubt expressed as to the ablity of the 'Silver Bullet' to perform at more than 200 m.p.h., and some doubt expressed in some circles as to Mr. Don's ability to handle the car at that speed. I do not consider it worth while commenting on the latter belief. Mr. Don's reputation as a race-driver makes that unnecessary. During his runs on the beach at times when officials thought it useless to attempt even a practice run, Don has reached speeds in excess of those considered safe. At all times the car appeared absolutely under full control of the driver, and not once at any time has the car at any part of the course showed any indication of veering from its direct course, in spite of the bumps which at times tossed Don about in the cockpit and badly bruised his body."

"Mr. Don carries with him the sincere regret on the part of the officials of the City of Daytona Beach, and on the part of the A.A.A. race officials that he has been denied a chance to prove the capabilities of the car and the driver by circumstances beyond human control, and it is sincerely hoped that he will decide to return to Daytona Beach in January, 1931, to renew his assaults on the world's record. . . ."

In a covering letter to the R.A.C. Mr. T. E. Allen, the assistant secretary of the Contest Board, also says :

"Suffice it to say that the Contest Board as a body thoroughly concurs in the opinions and statements made by its representatives and attendants at the World's Record Trials, and that it is a fact that the beach at no time was in a condition permitting fair attempts upon the existing world's record. Mr. Don has been accorded the praise of this body for the earnestness and seriousness with which he approached his ambitions, and we take this opportunity of assuring you that our sincere hope is that his plans will permit a return and a successful attempt. . . ."



An Hotel on Wheels: An Eccles trailer caravan coupled on to a two-seater Ford. The pleasing exterior and luxurious interior of this caravan make it ideal for a camping holiday

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MOUNTAINEERING *in* SKYE

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

(Author of "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," etc.)

(See page 451 for further pictures)

Far aloft a black figure stood forth sharp and clear against the deep blue of the northern sky. Full well the eagle knew that a thousand feet of stern climbing lay between us and his favourite look-out perch on the narrow peak of Bidein. Up and up we went, mostly gripping and struggling up the thin frontal ridge of this shapely Coolin until the final vertical bastion hid the summit from sight. But out of sight was not out of mind. A black shadow, almost startling in its effect, passed over the lofty rocks and was cast far down into the depths of the great corrie where, 1,500 ft. below, gleamed the waters of Loch Coruisk. The eagle had gone, and one last wriggle up a steep crack ended suddenly on the narrow tip where too-eager arrival might end in precipitation on the farther side.

Bidein Druim nan Ramh, the central peak of the Coolin, justified its fame as the finest viewpoint in Skye, and one therefore unsurpassed in Britain. All around stretched the jagged array of pinnacled summits, the whole range curling and twisting in wild riot of ridge and corrie. Yet Nature's grimmest handwork was enfolded in beauty, for the blue Atlantic gleamed near and far.

Like low, grey clouds the Outer Hebrides and islands of a thousand names dotted the vast expanses. To the south Sgurr Alaisdair, 3,251 ft., cut like a black wedge against the azure distances, and with its adjacent vassal peaks uplifted loftily, seemed a worthy King of the Coolin. In the opposite direction Sgurr nan Gillean, the Peak of the Young Men, mist-hidden and mysterious, recalled ancient tales of tragedy. Here as the test for fighting manhood was the "bridge of cliffs," as narrow as the hair of one's head and as slippery as the eel of the river and as high as the mast of a ship. To-day Sgurr nan Gillean, 3,167 ft., being nearest to the climber's hotel at Sligachan, is the most popular climb, and its narrow ridges sometimes take toll of the unwary.

Yet the Coolin have more than an adventurous call, though they are by far the grandest peaks in Britain, real mountains that need the use of hand and foot in their conquest. The lower levels of the Isle of Skye have also an irresistible charm. Lakelets gleam brightly amongst the brown, deer-haunted moors, and mirror the pointed tips of the Coolin in purple loveliness. Here truly is a secret beauty born of the mists, the rain, and the sunshine, now a quiet, untroubled land but formerly stirred by Nature's turmoil and later still by feud and foray of the clans.

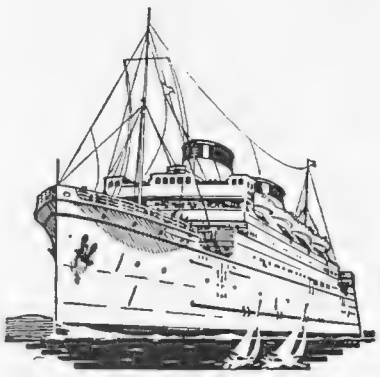
IN WILDEST SKYE: The motor (a definite aid to mountaineering!) on the great hairpin bends on Quiraing Hill

Nowadays this gem of the westerly isles is becoming a favourite haunt, and worthily so, for the journey thither is a mere trifle, and if taken by road the way is through scenery of most impressive grandeur, and the ferries at Dorme and Lochalsh are at last modernized and simple to negotiate.

The new roads in Skye are a tremendous asset, in appreciating that, besides its glorious mountains, the island holds much of interest and romance. It is still most primitive and unspoilt. Prince Charlie and his wanderings have cast a glamour over this wild and remote region. You can crawl Caliban-like to the edge of the huge cliff beyond Portree and peer over into the beryl depths of the Atlantic to see one of the many caves where, aided by Flora Macdonald, the Prince is said to have found sanctuary. The old castles of Duntulm, now a ragged ruin, and Dunvegan tell of the fighting days of the clans!

Dunvegan, in summertime a flowery paradise of the north, has still its old castle standing proudly above the flowing tides that bring the "chancey" post from St. Kilda in floating bags attached to wooden floats. Dunvegan Castle, with its quaint traditions and relics of fairy lore, is unsurpassed anywhere in romantic glamour. For instance, you may still see Rory O'More's drinking cup, letters from Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Sir Walter Scott, and even Flora Macdonald's stays are not yet worn out.

A remarkable road now runs round northern Skye, and in its mountain and coast-line wanderings is unique. The stupendous cliffs of Staffin and the wild gorge of Leath, and the spire-like pinnacles of the Quiraing, with its astonishing hill, are more than a distant dream. The new roads have brought them within the wayfarer's ken. Thus in storm or sunshine there are no dull days in Skye. Yet the Coolin and their adventurous ascents are the real charm of this most alluring corner of all Britain.



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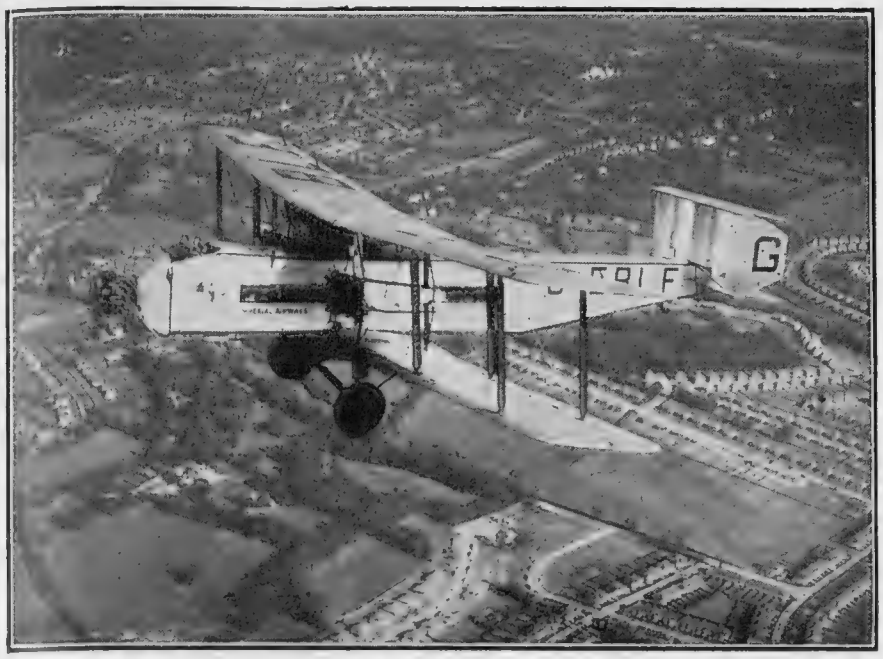

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Norman Hill tells What has happened to PARIS

(Continued from page 441)

In a month or two whole streets were occupied by "dancings" and cabarets of all kinds. Some were expensive without being questionable. Others were questionable without being cheap. Hundreds of negroes formed jazz bands and howled away the night till dawn came. Certain flash restaurants became the homes of cocaine and heroin. An occasional knifing in a back street added a certain risk to the glamour of an adventure "on the hill." Harmless provincials, arrived penniless in Paris, realized that the business of the *apache* was not without profit. Red shirts, velvet trousers, and black soft caps were very cheap, and the combination won the neurotic affections of the half-crazy American girl who had come to Paris for a thrill and not to learn French.

The true story of the rottenness of Montmartre of those years may never be written. It would make unspeakable history. The flaring lights of the night clubs blinded many to the evils of the so-called gay Paree. The inferior champagne induced sweet reasonableness which self-excused the most vicious conduct. Montmartre brought out another ugly side of human nature. In some ways "the hill" was rather worse than the trenches.

It is a curious thing that people who like night-life never really like paying for it. The habitués even of our poor night resorts in London generally endeavour to get someone else to pay. The night resorts of every capital are kept flourishing by the casual visitor who spends a lot of money on a night out just now and then. Every day of the year there are parties made up like this, and these parties mean an annual dividend for the night den which the habitués with their reduced prices and "special rates" would not guarantee. It was the same in Paris. While prices remained comparatively low, the night haunts were full of tourists who thought that by losing sleep they were having a heaven of a time. When the franc suddenly lifted its head, and champagne became a little more expensive than water, custom fell away. And it went on falling away until at the present time half the once noisy and prosperous night haunts of Montmartre have the shutters up. Why there are places in Paris where even the Russian restaurants are empty! Apparently there are not enough Russians to go round to patronize them all!

And so "Paris is no longer the same." Money, which talks on most occasions, is talking again. It is no longer possible to go to Paris and live on a few shillings a day and have a riot. Paris has come in line with other capitals of the world. The prices of food and entertainment have crept up to Broadway and Piccadilly levels. Wall Street crashes and Hatry slumps have done the rest. They have made money short and the cabarets are closed.

And so in Paris you can walk along the boulevards and hear the cropped words of the French language as spoken by the Parisian. The waiters no longer automatically address the stranger in what they think is English.

The Anglo-Saxons—let us give this description to the polyglot races of both our own country and the United States — find few facilities for night life. They have always liked night-life because they find it so difficult to practise at home. The general run of Parisians have never really thought much of smoke-laden night-haunts and dancing on a floor of handkerchief dimensions. Their idea of night-life is a sound supper and then home to bed. That is why you can walk down the boulevards at midnight and find them wrapped in almost cloistered calm.

A HERO'S DREAM DISSOLVES

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from page 450)

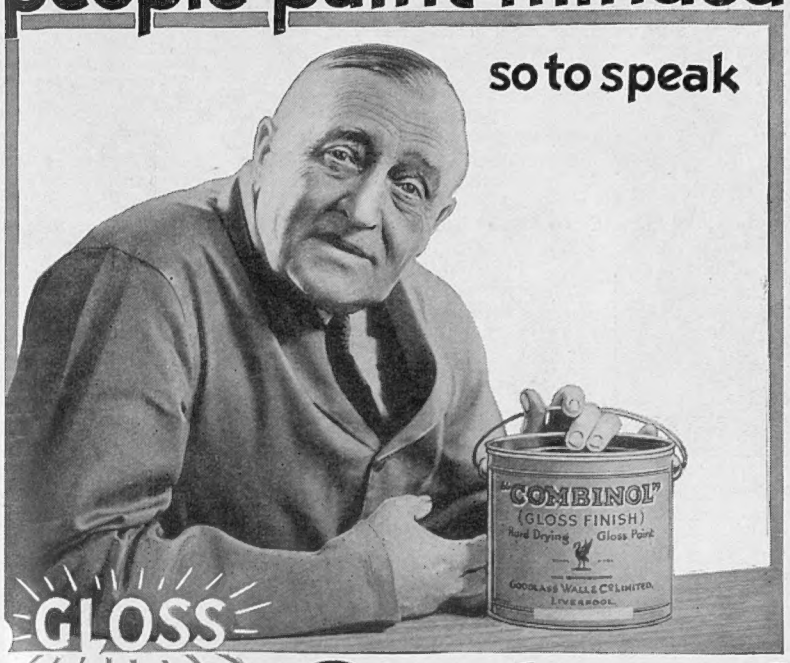
complain that the protracted presence of the French has gravely compromised the tourist business, and stress that the *poilu's* pay was but 17s. 6d. a month. Some local complaints, however, need to be discounted, since it was on the strength of them that compensation would be drawn from the Reich, i.e. there existed temptation to put the worst colour upon things.

Still it is all over now, or nearly so. The Marseillaise will no longer be heard on Sunday mornings in the Marktplatz. After a dozen years the Rhinelanders must know it passing well. A bright side has been the French soldier's bearing (the best young men were picked). On the whole he has been forbearing, courteous, reserved. A dark patch must remain, the employment of the Occupied Territory as a forcing ground for Poincaré-ism. Yet all in all, France may well have let the Germans off more lightly than the latter would have let *her* off had they won, and after Bismarck's mistake of "generosity" in 1871. If our late Allies have a regrettable aptitude almost for courting unpopularity these times, that is no excuse for not seeing both sides of a question. The main thing is that the Rhineland goes back, where it belongs, and whole and reprospering. Hard battle had to be done to make it so. Hard battle was done.

And so dissolves the dream of a hero.

The future will show us to what degree the yielding up of this vital pledge has effect upon German bearing in the world. We must wait and see. Meanwhile I am ready to bet that one sequel will be the return of the ex-Kaiser to Germany, to his Homburg estate and as a private citizen, not improbably shortly after he has completed twelve years in exile this November. Legally, now, his path is clear. He has no stauncher friend in the whole country than Alt Hindenburg. Over 13,000,000 voted monarchist at the last election, and the Rhineland, which did not vote and is widely monarchist, must be added. William II is said to have vowed never to return to the Fatherland so long as its soil remained trodden by a foreign soldier.

Well.....
it is making people "paint-minded" so to speak



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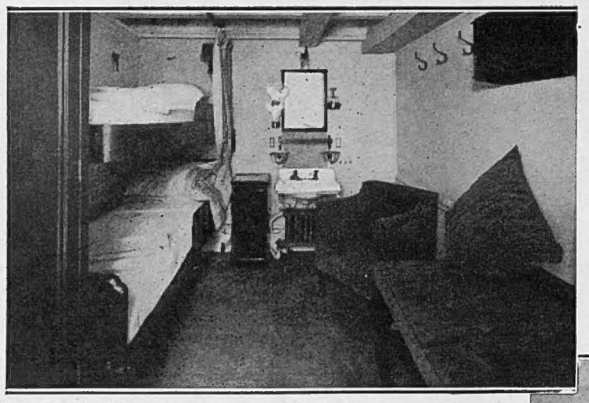
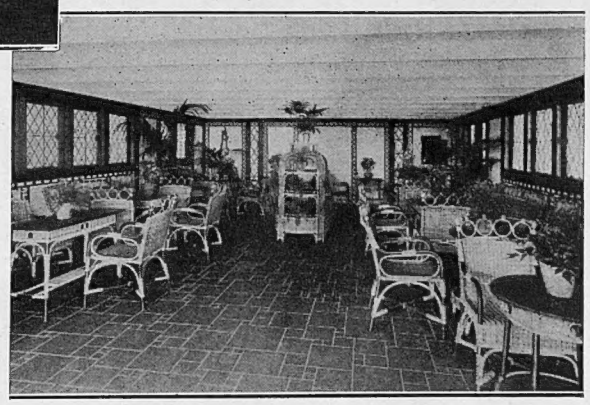


TOURIST THIRD: A two-berth cabin of the type installed on board the new 20,000-ton Cunarders, *Franconia* and *Carinthia*. On right is the Verandah Café, an example of the luxury of the public-rooms in the tourist third

ATLANTIC SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Newest Cunarders for Tourist Third-Cabin Service

Two of the newest and most luxurious cruising liners in the world, the 20,000-ton Cunarders, *Carinthia* and *Franconia*, are to assist in the carriage of thousands of Atlantic holiday-makers between this country and the United States this year. Arrangements have been made for these two vessels to be included in the vast fleet of Cunard ships which carry tourist third-cabin passengers. A record number of over 41,000 passengers travelled by this class in Cunard steamers last year. This new arrangement means that the whole of the accommodation formerly used by second-class passengers in the *Carinthia* and *Franconia* will



be placed at the disposal of business people and holiday-makers who travel tourist third cabin. This accommodation, which is entirely self-contained, includes a wonderful range of public rooms and comfortable bedrooms. The *Carinthia*, which has just returned to British waters after a lengthy pleasure trip to the Mediterranean, made her first sailing from Liverpool as a tourist third-cabin carrier for New York on Saturday, May 17. The *Franconia* is at present completing the final stages of a 35,000-mile voyage around the world. She will make her first trip from Liverpool to New York as a tourist third-cabin carrier early in June.

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These words of wisdom occur in *Why We Should Drink Wine*, an attractive brochure written by Lieut.-Colonel H. I. Nicholl, D.S.O., for Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., of Regent Street. Each of the great families of wine has a page of information, historical, geographical, and practical, devoted to it. It also offers useful advice to the neophite of wine.

MISS GLADYS LACK, the well-known mezzo-soprano, gave a successful recital at the Grotian Hall recently. She was a pupil of Madame Eleanor Simon, who learnt her art from the great Delle Sedie herself. Miss Lack's fine voice has been heard on the wireless in London and Paris, and her recitals at the Wigmore and Aeolian Halls will also be remembered

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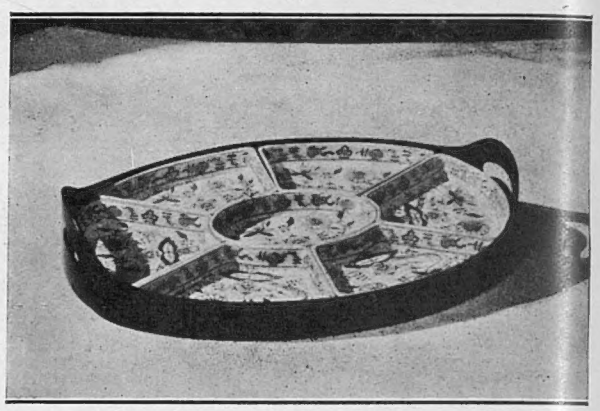

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